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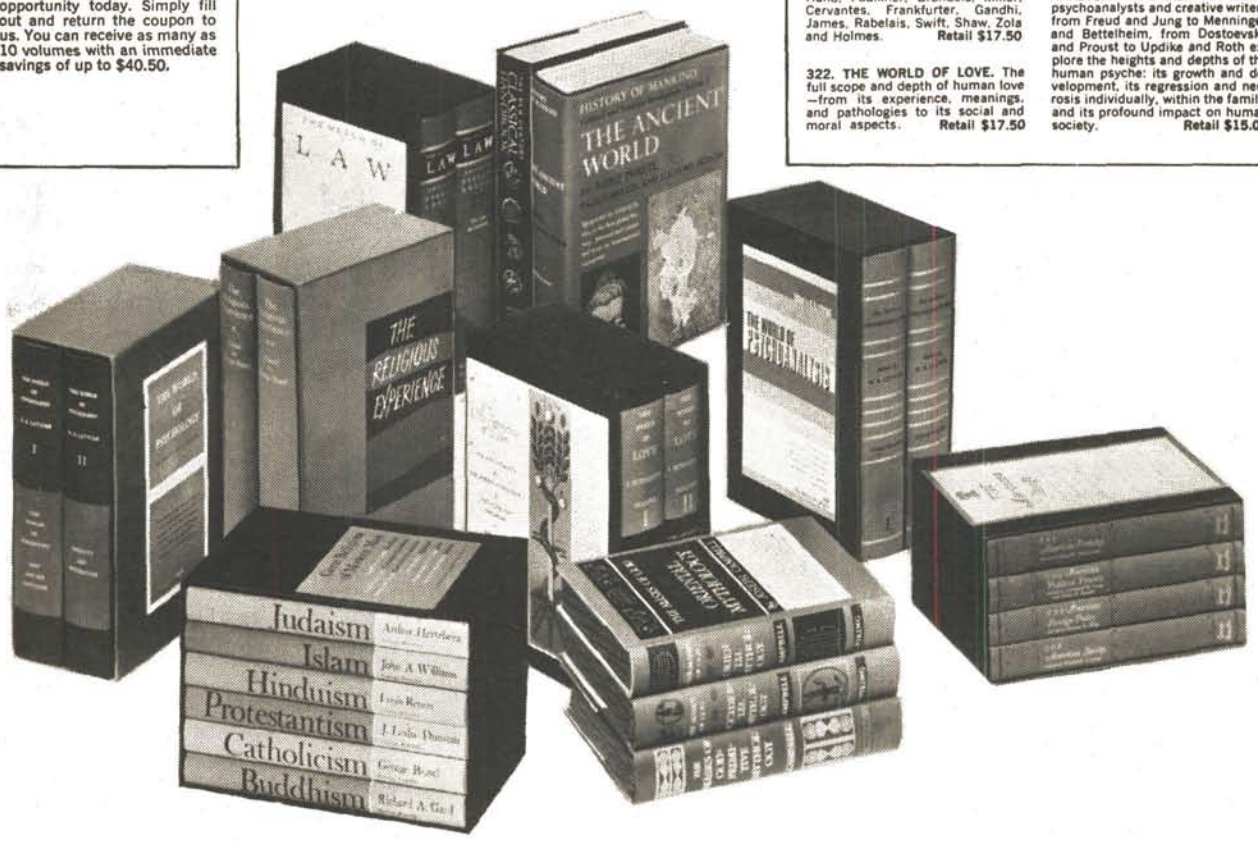

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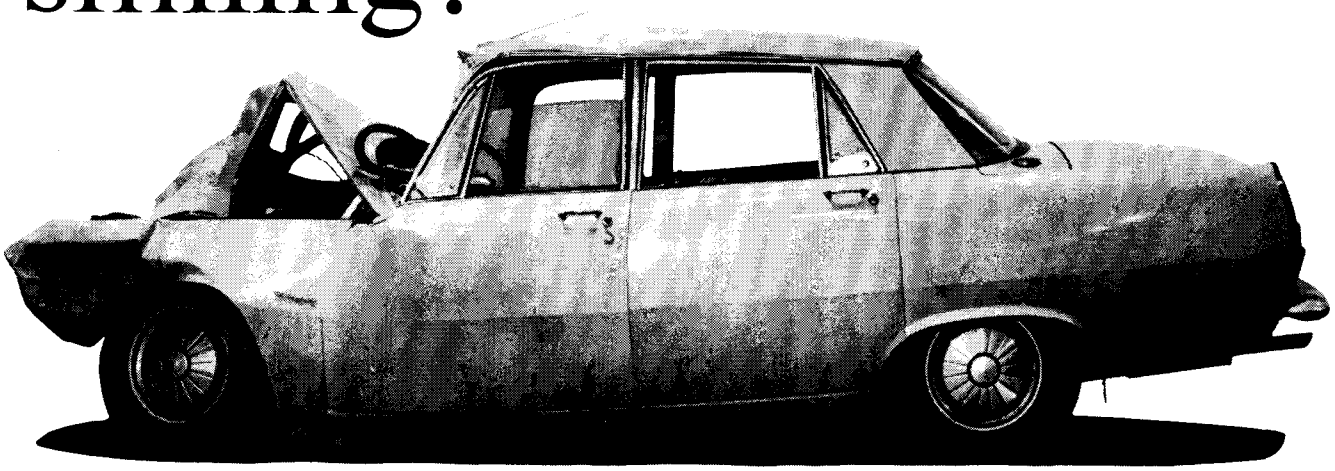
Why is the owner of this Rover 2000 smiling?



Because he's alive.

This Rover 2000 Sports Sedan was photographed just after a head-on collision with a truck.

With virtually any other make of car, certain things tend to happen in these dire circumstances, among them: a) The engine tries to join you in the front seat; b) The steering column, which on most cars begins near the front wheels, competes with your chest.

Neither of these happened to the driver of this Rover 2000. (If you are wondering what *did* happen, he cracked a collar bone and two ribs because his safety harness was carelessly loose.)

Luck Had Little To Do

Luck had very little to do with it; the answer is in the car itself.

First off, the Rover 2000 is designed with the thought that, on collision, an engine ought to go down *under* a car rather than up into your lap.

Also, the forward section of the body is designed to crumple defensively; an expensive shock-absorber, but well worth it. Note that although the front lost 18 inches, the passenger compartment is intact.

Steering Column Has To Go

As to the lost 18 inches; in the ordinary car a foot-and-a-half of steering column has to go *somewhere.* The 2000's steering column begins behind the engine, and thus is not accident-prone. Moreover, the steering wheel is flexible and shock-absorbent.

The seats, front and back, are bucket seats of molded steel covered by fine padded leather. The tops of the front seats are padded, as well, to protect them from the faces of the rear passengers.

The top of the dash and the storage bins in front of your knees are also padded. Objects that are necessarily hard are carefully located and inoffensively shaped.

The Rover 2000 Sports Sedan is thought by many authorities to be the safest car in the world. Happily, it is also among the best handling, so that the likelihood of accident is far less to begin with, and it is fun to drive.

In addition to a revolutionary suspension system which makes for fantastic maneuverability, the 2000 also has disc brakes all around.

Heartless To Pretend . . .

In conclusion, may we apologize for mentioning such unpleasant possibilities? However, it is even more heartless to pretend that they don't exist—and neglect to provide for them.

The stern fact is that very few cars have *any* of the safety features we have mentioned; and only the 2000 has all of them—and a good many more besides.

Oh, yes, the price: $3998. Or you can buy it for delivery in Europe and save enough to pay for your passage. If you write, we'll tell you about that, too. Thank you.

The Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd., Chrysler Bldg., New York

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Capital Portraits

★ Five of the most interesting men in American public life have spoken here recently. We watched them, pondered them, and jotted down notes about them, mostly under blinding TV lights. Here they are.

Fulbright. Relaxed, low-keyed, tanned face. Wears Ben Franklin glasses; peers over them. Affable. Oxford. Has aristocratic loathing for demagogues, many of whom are colleagues. I remember meeting him outside the Senate Caucus Room years back when he first saw McCarthy in action. Voice shook. State of shock. Never forget the way he said it: "Why, the fellow's a *boor*!" He alone (repeat: alone) of all senators voted against continuing McCarthy's funds. Long ago decided it was better to vote Arkansas Southern segregationism and be a senator than not vote it and not be a senator. Glad he so decided. Under mellow irony is passion. He is also lazy. Won't sully hands with influence-trading or political manipulation. Prefers college auditorium to Senate floor. Now is most effective, articulate and temperate critic of LBJ foreign policy. Started national educational campaign. "In recent years Congress has not fully discharged its responsibilities in the field of foreign relations. . . . I conclude that when the President, for reasons with which we can all sympathize, does not invite us into his high policy councils, it is our duty to infiltrate our way in as best we can." More power to him.

McNamara testifying. Theoretically on foreign aid; actually, Vietnam. Strong man. Whiz kid. Power drive! Facts, facts, facts. They pour out. Likeable. Rimless glasses. Bulldog face. A-political. What luck to have him in Defense Department. How awful to have him in White House! Focused like a laser beam. In controversy all the time. Why do men like this leave Ford salary to serve country? Patriotism? Yes – and *power*. People don't work for money, they work for power. He administers half US budget. He awes Johnson as he did Kennedy; same drive for efficient, united, cost-conscious, IBM management of armed forces. Get 'em there; give 'em bombs. He knows the answers; knows them before senators ask the questions. How Pentagon brass hates him. How pork-barrel congressmen hate him. He's won all arguments so far. Makes them hate him more. "Shocking mismanagement," GOP leader Jerry Ford says of his handling of war supplies. Nonsense. Ford not over-bright. Some slips, sure, but actually it's been incredible what McNamara's done: a quarter million army, 10,000 miles away. McNamara smiles. "Next question?" he seems to say.

John Kenneth Galbraith: keynoter at ADA convention last week. Later he coiled his six-foot-six frame under table into hot seat before Fulbright committee cameras. Big, prominent features; scion of dour Scotch-Irish Canadian Covenanters; has a scalding irony, laced with wit. Wouldn't give a dime's worth of military aid to any country with per capita income under $200: "arming the indigent," he calls it. Says "we must face seriously the likelihood that there will not again be a government in Saigon which is seriously capable of prosecuting the war along with us." Funny how nice everybody is to LBJ; Galbraith disagrees with Vietnam policy, but it's those bad advisers who are to blame: "I'm among those who regard the President as a force for restraint." Well, maybe he is; maybe he is.

The Sweet and the Sad

★ Hubert Horatio Humphrey: We love Hubert; everybody does. HH helped found ADA. In 1948 Democratic convention floor fight he forced through civil rights plank that separated party from Dixiecrats. Magnificent fight; will always remember it! Element of high drama when Hubert appeared last week to make banquet speech before anti-Vietnam ADA liberals, in behalf of Administration which he must defend. TRB sat at table for 10; all watching and waiting. In basement dining room for 600. Distant thrum of dance orchestra came from above. Preliminary speakers surrounded Hubert with layers and layers of cottonwool against any confrontation, or "scene." Drama oozed out. Everybody terribly sweet and cordial; HH terribly sweet and cordial; made speech about peace and negotiation. Advocated an "Asian New Deal." What does that mean? Finished at 10:58 p.m. Applause 45 seconds at end of speech. Still love Hubert. But where is the passion of yesteryear?

And finally – Dean Acheson. (What a galaxy of performers we get!) Always see Acheson with wig, cape and sword, just stepped out of Three Musketeers. Aristocratic nose, splendid moustache, magnificent aplomb. However, present mood sad. He's not testifying on Vietnam but, for a change, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Expresses "gnawing concern" over NATO. All de Gaulle's fault. France like volunteer fireman, resigning in face of fire hazard "capable of being ignited by a spark." The hazard? Soviet Union, of course. Acheson puts on a brilliant show. Senators awed. Can remember when senators heckled him when he was Truman's Secretary of State. Doesn't suffer fools gladly. Also had wondering, haughty look, implying, "How did you ever think up that silly question?" Acheson's mellowed; hair's grayed. Makes audience feel his sorrow now: like actor, every gesture, every quiet intonation, counts. Living through very tragic era, he says. One of greatest opportunities since Roman Empire to win world peace. Europe plagued since Middle Ages by countries seeking hegemony; France for 150 years, till Waterloo; Germany, two world wars. Then hopes brightened. French statesmen, Robert Schumann and Monnet, caught the gleam. . . . But then, de Gaulle. General disintegration if NATO falls; Germany perhaps turning to Moscow. A situation highly dangerous to all of us. Acheson sighed. Held room spellbound. "This I find deeply depressing," he said.

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"Deep Conviction"

President Johnson is asking Congress to give him $3.4 billion this year for foreign aid, "in the deep conviction that we must use foreign assistance to attack the root causes of poverty." Despite the depth of the conviction – and of world poverty – the request is the smallest that has been put to Congress in 18 years. There are 12 billion reasons, these being the extra dollars already asked and granted for the war in Vietnam. Of the proposed $3.4 billion of aid, $917 million is earmarked for "direct military assistance" to various foreign countries *excluding* Vietnam. Most of the recipients would be compulsory dropouts from American military assistance if Professor John Kenneth Galbraith had his way; the former Ambassador to India told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week that "there is something intrinsically obscene in the combination of ill-fed people and well-fed armies." Countries that get American military aid have per capita incomes usually well below $200 a year, like South Vietnam, India, Pakistan, South Korea, Thailand, the Philippines and Formosa. Galbraith has another reason for disliking American military aid; he said it caused last year's war between Pakistan and India over Kashmir. Pakistan would not have sought a military solution but for this country giving Pakistan weapons. Military aid to Pakistan has been suspended, but we are supplying military jet aircraft to Jordan, a course defended by the State Department as "in accordance with our policy of preventing instability from developing in the Near East." No partiality is intended. We've sold tanks to Israel.

Knocking off $917 million for "direct military assistance" from the proposed foreign aid total leaves around $2.5 billion. But that still includes "supporting assistance" to countries spending more on defense than they can afford. Mr. Johnson's foreign aid request includes a whopping $550 million "supporting assistance" to South Vietnam, and $197 million to Thailand, Laos and South Korea. The last-named country now has the fifth biggest army in the world, as well as 60,000 American troops still on its soil, 16 years after the Korean War. Subtracting "supporting assistance" of $747 million leaves about $1.7 billion. Of this, Mr. Johnson proposes to devote $543 million to the Alliance for Progress. "Our ultimate goal," the President said last February, "is a hemisphere of free nations, stable and just – prosperous in their economics and democratic in their politics." Most of the $543 million is to go, in fact, to three Latin American countries out of 20: Brazil, Chile and Colombia, and the "nine wise men" who were

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supposed to supervise the 10-year, $20-billion hemispheric programs of the Alliance for Progress have quit in despair. To attack the "root causes of poverty" in Asia and Africa, the Administration is asking $665-million for development loans (not grants); but nine-tenths is for five countries: India, Pakistan, Nigeria, Turkey and South Korea. Last year, Turkey got $200-million economic aid and South Korea $183 million; Nigeria got $34 million. Pakistan so far this year has been offered only a cautious $50 million, matching Soviet aid but less than the Chinese are giving. The Indians have yet to be told how much aid to expect. Here, the Administration apparently will lean heavily on the advice of the World Bank. (Loans and grants to Colombia were cut off until that near-bankrupt country undertook reforms proposed by the Bank.) This may be all right – except that the Administration and Congress heed the World Bank only when it is telling them what they want to hear. The World Bank says the underdeveloped countries could absorb $3 billion or $4 billion more aid each year than they now get. Congress is wholly allergic to that hint, and Senator Fulbright's proposal that 15 percent of US foreign aid be channeled through the Bank has always been struck down. The proposed $3.4 billion thus turns out to be a $1.7 billion program with strings attached. India requires fertilizer; large oil companies are prepared to build fertilizer plants provided they are allowed to charge what the traffic will bear; if India foregoes this offer she may also forego US aid.

Even so, Senator Fulbright, who can spot hazards and loopholes for inaction or reaction in the fine print of aid, should beware of heaving the baby out with the bathwater. Mr. Johnson hopes to eradicate malaria and smallpox from the world by 1975, and to fight malnutrition among the world's children but also to assist birth control. That deserves applause, and need not cost much money.

Where the critics of Mr. Johnson's request are right is that even $3.4 billion won't get to the root causes of world poverty. It's about one-half of one percent of the American national income, and the 11 other aid-providing nations spend about the same percentage of their national incomes on aid. In a world in which over half the people are hungry – Mr. Johnson told Congress this is one of "the dominant facts of our age" – a fraction of a fraction isn't enough. This country should give a lead by proposing a one-percent world income tax for foreign aid, the proceeds to be handed over to the World Bank for administering. Such a self-imposed tax, in the industrial countries of the West and in Japan, won't by itself close the gap that is actually widening between a handful of rich, mostly white nations, and the poor and mainly nonwhite two-thirds of mankind. But it would be the first necessary step.

Squabble over Cigarettes

The controversy over smoking and cancer is taking a new turn. Last year the tobacco companies got Congress to keep the government from tampering with their advertising; now they're in a violent squabble among themselves over how best to sell their cigarettes.

One of the big companies, P. Lorrilard, quit the Cigarette Advertising Code and rushed to the market with a new brand called *True*. It is designed to deliver reduced tar and nicotine in the smoke.

The advertising code was drawn up after the Public Health Service's report, linking cigarette smoking to cancer and heart disease, came out in 1964. It took effect January 1965; all nine major cigarette companies were members. The code was meant to show Congress that the tobacco industry could police its own advertising. The first major change was to rule out tar and nicotine statements on cigarette packages: Robert B. Meyner, who administers the code, felt these claims were without significance. Recently, however, the Federal Trade Commission in effect overrode the code and declared there was nothing illegal about making statements on amounts of tar and nicotine. Lorrilard at once announced its new cigarette.

The chances of one's getting cancer from smoking are believed to be lessened as the amount of tar in a cigarette is reduced. In 1964, Dr. James Hundley, an Assistant Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, told a congressional committee: "We are convinced you can make a safer cigarette, much safer. Some cigarettes have been developed that have about one-tenth of the nicotine and tars of the ordinary cigarettes."

However, there are several reasons why cigarette companies might not want to put tar and nicotine statements on packages. The companies could end up spending millions competing against one another on this score, and in the process be constantly calling attention to unpleasant health hazards. Also, the less tar and nicotine in a cigarette, the worse the taste. So if competition were to result in lower quantities of tar and nicotine and less flavorsome smoke, sales might suffer.

A group of cancer experts, representing government and private agencies and called the National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health, has urged that tar and nicotine statements be included on cigarette packages. So has the American Cancer Society. In late March, the ACS told the FTC that: "All studies of cigarette smoking show that its harmful effects are related to the number of cigarettes smoked and to the degree of inhalation; in other words to dosage. There is clear evidence also that tars in cigarette smoke contain chemicals which produce cancer when applied to the skin of animals and to the bronchial mucosa of dogs, and it has long been recognized that nicotine is

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one of the most powerful poisons known.

"We are convinced therefore that it would be in the public interest to let people know how much tar and nicotine they are taking into their bodies when they smoke cigarettes. The customer is given this information concerning the drugs he takes, the food which he eats, the beverages which he drinks. Why not concerning the cigarette smoke he inhales?"

It was after having received several similar statements from other experts that the FTC decided to permit tar and nicotine statements. Governor Meyner was unmoved. He said this was stale information. "There is no adequate, relevant and valid scientific data," he said, "demonstrating that any specific amount of tar and nicotine is significant in terms of health, and in the absence of an adequate disclaimer of such significance to health such representations would reasonably be regarded as false and misleading." If Lorrilard is successful with *True*, then Meyner either may be forced to change his mind and allow tar and nicotine statements in advertising, or the code is likely to fold up, as other companies follow Lorrilard's lead.

The effect of the code in areas other than health is negligible. Meyner has been concerned to make sure cigarette advertising is not directed primarily at youngsters. This doesn't appear to be working out. In early February of this year, *Advertising Age* analyzed the most recent Nielsen ratings. It showed that five of the 10 most popular programs favored among youngsters, 12-17, carried cigarette commercials. These included the two best-liked shows, *Get Smart* and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, both shown over NBC.

In all, nothing much has come of the Surgeon General's report on smoking and cancer. According to the Agriculture Department, Americans last year consumed 529 billion cigarettes, a 3.5 percent rise in consumption over 1964. The industry won its battle to keep the FTC from regulating cigarette advertising until 1969. In exchange, it settled for the meaningless label on packages. The President never has said a word about the dangers of smoking cigarettes. The government recently spent $106,000 in Food for Peace funds to make a movie *promoting* cigarette smoking abroad.

What's Congress Doing?

The State of the Union Message is an erratic predictor of things to come. In January the President promised that he would not sacrifice the Great Society, and certainly not the poor, to that dreadful consumer of lives and money – the Vietnam war. And, indeed, Mr. Johnson's subsequent recommendations to Congress seemed to rival in number, if not importance, his proposals of the preceding year. Yet most of the significant legislation enacted during the first four months of 1966 has related to the war (supplemental appropriations for Southeast Asia, the new GI Bill, American participation in the Asian Development Bank and a tax increase). Enthusiasm for domestic programs has flagged.

Fears of inflation, in addition to the war, have provided Republicans with a welcome rationalization for their visceral distaste for Great Society programs. A month ago, for example, the House cut from $30 million to $12 million the Administration's request to supplement rents of low-income families – from minimum to miniscule. The effect was to limit the new benefits to perhaps 20,000 of the country's four million ill-housed families. Then, last week the Senate Appropriations Committee nearly finished the job, voting to cut off all rent funds and trimming $500,000 more from the already meager Teacher Corps appropriation. The inadequate rent-supplement appropriation was barely restored to the bill by a 46-45 vote of the full Senate two days later. The formula has become familiar: The President outlines the need in broad strokes, submits legislation that is far less brave and comprehensive than his rhetoric, then Congress whittles it down to toy size or throws it away. "Are they going to sacrifice the children who seek the learning . . . ?" the President

Findley's Folly

Republican Congressman Paul Findley, who was responsible for holding up the sale of surplus wheat to Russia two years ago, was feeling his oats again last week. He introduced an altogether irrelevant amendment to the agriculture appropriation bill, forbidding the sale of surplus food to nations doing business with North Vietnam "so long as North Vietnam is governed by a Communist regime." The Agency for International Development said no country would be affected by the proscription, but that did not deter the congressman from Pittsfield, Illinois. On an anonymous voice vote, Findley's Folly failed of adoption. But Democrats, unwilling to seem soft on North Vietnam in an election year, changed their minds and supported the roll call Findley then forced. After the amendment had passed, still more Democrats caved in, filing forward to change their votes as Republicans cheered. "Mrs. Hansen of Washington changed her vote from 'nay' to 'yea'," reads the *Congressional Record*. "Mr. Giaimo changed his vote from 'nay' to 'yea'." And Mr. Flood and Mr. Meeds and so on and so on. Mr. Findley had prevailed; the tally was 290 to 98. When it came to voting on the whole agriculture bill, Mr. Findley changed *his* mind, first voted for the bill, then switched his vote from "yea" to "nay." The bill passed without him, 366-23.

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asked, "or the families who dwell in squalor that are now brightened by the hope of home?" And Congress replies, "Yes." For example, a majority of the Democrats on the House Education and Labor Committee are planning to straitjacket the Office of Economic Opportunity by reducing funds available to local poverty projects; the intended victim is "maximum feasible participation of the poor" in designing and carrying out innovative programs.

The Senate Commerce Committee is about to report out a compromise packaging bill that, barring further erosion, would empower the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission to regulate package weights and quantity of products if, after 18 months, industries have not been able to work out acceptable voluntary standards with consumers and the Secretary of Commerce. An earlier, stronger bill sponsored by Senator Philip A. Hart (D, Mich.) had standards for package sizes as well as an outright prohibition of the "cents off" gimmick printed on packages. These safeguards vanished.

An automobile safety law also seems assured of adoption (see following note).

The "truth in lending" bill President Johnson recommended in January has been filed for future reference. Hearings were held in 1964 by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. There has been no stirring of interest since, and there is not likely to be.

At the moment, the Senate subcommittee on air and water pollution is listening to testimony on a proposal to spend $6 billion in federal money over the next six years for sewage treatment and water pollution research. Industry opposition has softened, and a bill may be reported out of committee by June. But the effectiveness of any such authorization hinges on whether Congress, mindful of war spending and what Senator Dirksen refers to as "walking, creeping or galloping inflation," appropriates the necessary funds. If the present mood prevails, Congress won't.

The record of the second session of the 89th Congress is scratchy: many bills – in education, health, electoral college reform, civil rights, poverty, minimum wage – little action. And if as some predict, Democratic congressmen facing tough campaigns express their independence by arbitrary no-votes on pending Administration measures, the record won't get much better in the remaining months before elections.

Second Thoughts in Detroit

The auto makers switched their line on safety standards at House hearings last week, and left the impression they favor a stronger bill than the Administration had originally proposed. This is a complete retreat from the tack the industry took three weeks ago, when John S. Bugas, the Ford vice president, asked the Senate Commerce Committee to let the industry conduct its own safety program free from the interference of government. But the attacks on the industry have, if anything, quickened since then; the list of safety defects in new autos lengthened. The President recently told a group of executives, among them Henry Ford II, to stop raising "picayunish" objections to the proposed legislation. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Bugas was back on Capitol Hill, this time before the House Commerce Committee, and there he endorsed mandatory federal safety standards. The Administration bill had asked only for discretionary authority; that is, it gave authority to the Secretary of Commerce to set standards if he thought it necessary. A bill containing mandatory standards seems certain to pass Congress this session, and by its new pose of statesmanship Detroit may hope to have a hand in writing the law. The industry wants the government to conduct future safety research in Detroit, where the auto makers will be able to keep a close watch. And it asks that the Secretary of Commerce, in setting standards, be required to consult with the Vehicle Equipment Safety Compact, an organization dominated by the auto industry.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ralph Nader went gleefully about

Hindsight

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business as usual. At a consumer assembly in Washington last Monday, he pulled out a seat belt which he claimed Ford and GM were selling as a deluxe item. It opens by a push-button device. Nader said it had been installed in two million cars and was next to useless. To prove his point, he brought the closed belt down against his kneecap, and it sprang open. According to Nader this was another example of why auto safety could not be left to Detroit.

Both companies promptly denied the accusations. Mr. Bugas said Nader had turned a "parlor trick," and that Ford had such confidence in the push-button belts that it planned to install them as standard equipment on all 1967 models.

Patent Giveaway

The Senate Judiciary Committee soon will consider an extraordinary bill that would give away for private use most inventions that have been discovered as a result of federally-subsidized research. Many such inventions are now held in the public domain; anyone can make use of them, free. The bill, sponsored by Senator John McClellan (D, Ark.), already has passed the Senate patents subcommittee by a 3-2 vote. McClellan was joined by Republican Senators Scott and Fong. Democrats Hart and Burdick voted against it. The measure is a gift to industry and is rated easy going in the full Judiciary Committee, which plans to take it up within the next month. On the floor, however, it very probably will come under sharp attack from Senator Russell Long, who believes inventions made possible by federal funds should not be privately monopolized. He is expected to filibuster.

The nation now spends about $15 billion annually in research and development. Roughly half this comes from the Defense Department, which routinely turns over the inventions to private companies for their exclusive use. NASA and the Atomic Energy Commission account for other chunks of federal research funds; both agencies generally require that inventions stemming from public investment stay in the public domain. That is the policy, too, on inventions resulting from research conducted by the Agriculture Department and the Tennessee Valley Authority; in recent years Senator Long has attached riders to water pollution research and arms control bills to ensure that inventions stemming from research in these areas are kept public. All this would be reversed by Senator McClellan.

Much of the government's research work is carried out by a handful of companies. For example, ten firms account for about 60 percent of the Defense Department's R&D. The McClellan formula would give these enormous enterprises a further competitive advantage.

Men Out of Monkeys, or Monkeys Out of Men?

Little Rock, Arkansas

There we were, arguing in a Little Rock courtroom on April Fool's Day about whether the Darwin theory could be taught Arkansas school children. When the spectators laughed, Judge Murray O. Reed admonished them sternly; merriment would not be tolerated.

The court action was brought by a Central High School biology teacher who sings in a Presbyterian Church choir, Mrs. Susan Epperson, who sought a declaratory judgment on the constitutionality of Arkansas Initiated Act I of 1928. This law, approved two-to-one in a referendum, provides for a $500 fine and loss of job for any teacher advancing the theory that man is descended from a lower form of life. It was passed in the emotional wake stirred up by the famous 1925 Scopes "monkey" trial in Tennessee. Mississippi is the only state besides Arkansas and Tennessee which still has an anti-evolution law on its books.

As theatre, the trial was a flop. It lasted two hours and 20 minutes. State Attorney General Bruce Bennett called Nietzsche "Nitsky" and spelled a few of the scientific terms he couldn't pronounce, but the judge held him firmly to the constitutional issue: does the law infringe on Mrs. Epperson's freedom of speech? The question of whether it collides with the fundamentalist interpretation of the Bible was not allowed before the court, although Bennett tried repeatedly to put it there. He also asked several questions about *Modern Biology* by James H. Otto and Albert Towle, the book used in Mrs. Epperson's class; for example, did Mrs. Epperson believe a protozoan was an "infinite cell?"

"I believe it is finite," said Mrs. Epperson. There was no question about it – the attorney general was flunking tenth-grade biology.

Arkansas politicians, having worn the racial question threadbare, are shopping around for a new emotional issue. Bennett did his best to set up evolution, as he had done in the past, more successfully, with race and Communism. *The Osceola* (Arkansas) *Times* had pointed out that "political figures may be made or broken on whether man has any relation to the monkey." Orval Eugene Faubus, who has said he will not be a candidate for governor again, appeared before a Baptist Sunday School class to declare that if man has evolved from a lower form of life, then the Resurrection is a myth. Theologian Faubus added that he was not in favor of repealing the Bible and that Judge Reed had been unduly hard on Attorney General Bennett. Faubus did not reach these conclusions independently;

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his mail was running eight-to-one against the teaching of evolution in public schools.

Although much of the state's press is in favor of doing away with the law, *The Green Forest Tribune* speaks for those who aren't: "Such a theory taught to a group of sensitive young children by an instructor or a person who has no personal knowledge of God, could have a damaging influence upon the young minds. Without restriction there would be nothing to prohibit a teacher from instructing pupils in the theory of Charles Darwin, with no mention of the Biblical story of the creation of man."

I would not have become concerned about the political potential of evolution had I not have been seated at the trial beside an amiable young man who had left his television repair business to attend. He teaches a Sunday School class at a local Baptist church and is genuinely alarmed; if such a dangerous theory as evolution is taught, the churches will be done in once and for all. He reasons that no mere accident could fit together all the parts in a television set so that they would produce a picture; by the same token, no accident of nature could produce so complicated a being as man. For a while I was making some headway in replying to his arguments, but by the end of the trial he was reduced to an angry incoherence.

The Epperson case is now in the hands of the judge. He is expected to render a decision sometime before the summer primaries.

SARA MURPHY

EGYPT CONFRONTS ITS POPULATION EXPLOSION

Babies Along the Nile

Cairo

Babies of the Nile are the plague of modern Egypt. The prodigious fertility of the Egyptian woman is eating up the fruits of Nasser's revolution, gobbling up forests of sugar cane, thousands of acres of broad beans and millions of tons of American wheat, milk powder and soya bean oil. The Aswan High Dam when completed will enable more food to be grown, but not nearly enough. This year 800,000 new babies will be born, and at this rate Egypt's 30-million population will be doubled by 1980, only 14 years away.

To check this monstrous fertility, to dam the human flood which keeps Egypt in bondage, is Nasser's most urgent task. If he fails, it means goodbye to the vision of prosperity for this generation – or any other. It has taken Nasser 14 years of power to recognize the magnitude and urgency of the problem. Future historians may well say this was his greatest failing. But in February a massive nationwide family planning campaign was launched at long last. The program has been grafted onto an existing administrative apparatus made up of a network of Combined Service Units (CSUs) covering the whole country. Each CSU includes a social center and a clinic. Any traveler in the Nile Valley notices, stark white among the black mud villages, little clusters of modern buildings. These are the backbone of Nasser's social service for the Egyptian *fellah*. There are about 2,000 CSUs – one for every two or three villages. The regime boasts that no peasant woman need walk more than two miles for help.

The plan is that each CSU clinic will, in the afternoons, serve as a birth-control center. Intrauterine devices – loops – are given free but tablets are sold for the modest price of 10 Egyptian piasters for a month's supply (about 20 cents at the official rate of exchange and no more than 10 cents on the free market). This sum – small to a Westerner but substantial to most Egyptians – goes to the CSU staff as a bonus, to encourage them to distribute contraceptives.

National director of the program is Dr. Khalil Mazar, an able and nationally known obstetrician. He has drawn up an excellent organizational plan and is responsible for its execution to the Prime Minister, Zacharia Mohieddin, who heads a Supreme Family Planning Council on which sit the Ministers of Health, Social Affairs and National Guidance. President Nasser, who has five children, initiated the process by republican decree last December.

The Egyptian government has allocated a budget of 1.5 million Egyptian pounds and last May the Ford Foundation gave an initial grant of $440,000, concentrating on two key aspects: training of staff, and research to adapt international birth-control methods

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to Egyptian conditions. Training and research centers were set up at Cairo and Alexandria universities. The lecturers, nurses and their assistants served as the first guinea pigs. Mr. James Lipscum, the Ford Foundation's chief representative in the UAR, told us the Foundation was now considering a further grant of $478,000. Loops are to be manufactured in Egypt with help from the Population Council of New York, which controls the patent rights.

The modern Egyptian townswoman goes out to work. She wrestles to make ends meet on a tiny budget and needs little inducement. The problem lies with her country sister, whose mind is clouded by fears and superstitions as old as the Nile itself. She is bound by an iron routine of social and religious traditions. Yet she feels insecure. Divorce under Islam is painfully easy and one-sided. A woman may be expelled from the family house at her husband's whim. In her mind, the only way she can secure her status as a married woman is by becoming a mother, not once but a dozen times. Indeed, as often as Allah sees fit. Naïvely, she believes that children will anchor her to her husband.

For the man also, a vast brood is a symbol of his virility. Sterilization of men, which has got off to a small start in India, stands no chance of social acceptance in Egypt, where the male adage could well be said to be *coito ergo sum*. Polygamy, almost extinct among educated Egyptians, is still fairly widespread in the countryside. A young man found a little boy at a Cairo bus-stop the other week and took him to a police station. The child had lost his way home. After inquiries, it was discovered that the young man and the child were half-brothers. Their father maintained two separate establishments in the same quarter of the city. Many experts believe that for birth control to be really effective in Egypt, it must be accompanied by changes in social patterns, including sweeping revision of marriage and divorce laws.

Infant mortality in Egypt remains high –about 107 per 1,000 – so, in the minds of peasant parents, a large family is an insurance against death. It is also an economic investment. Children go to work early in the fields, picking the worm off the cotton leaf and harvesting the crops.

These are the well-known obstacles to family planning. There are others, less predictable. In a Christian village in Upper Egypt, we saw hovel after hovel crawling with babies. "What," we asked a Catholic sister, "are you doing to advise these women to limit their families?" She threw up her arms in horror. "God save us from such a terrible thought." And yet several of the mothers had had up to fifteen children and had lost more than half of them in childbirth or infancy.

Mass propaganda is an essential feature of Nasser's regime. The radio, the press and the pulpit are carefully controlled by the State. No dissentient voice is tolerated. The political slogans of the regime, the values, ideas and goals of modern Egypt, are manufactured at the top, are passed down through the machinery of the Ministry of National Guidance and through the Arab Socialist Union – the state political party – and are then spoon-fed to the people. Nasser's speeches form an essential part of school and university curricula.

This huge thought-moulding apparatus – particularly effective in a country as centralized as Egypt – has now been mobilized to break the soaring demographic curve. "Daddy, when will you give Mummy a nice present?" asks a little boy coyly in a Cairo press cartoon, holding out to his father a box of contraceptive pills.

In Cairo today, it is hard to escape the barrage of propaganda urging family control. The message is put across on TV, in the cinema, in the press, in school, at workers' associations, in women's clubs and mosques. The great mosque-university of al-Azhar, the most prestigious institution in Islam, has given the campaign full support. A new book on the subject by a modern theologian, Professor Ahmad al-Sharabassi, has been broken down into popular pamphlets and issued by the tens of thousands.

A new draft marriage law has been on the drawing board since 1963. It lays down that men may not marry before the age of 25 and girls before 18. A month or two ago, the rumor sped up the Nile Valley that the bill was about to be made law. A great stampede of child marriages ensued.

The great high dam which is rising above the first cataract at Aswan is now in its sixth year of construction. It is perhaps not a coincidence that a full quarter of Egypt's population is under six years old. Water is wealth to the *fellah*. When he anticipates more of it through improved irrigation, he hurries to make more Nile babies to man his fields and give him that splendid patriarchal feeling.

A mere 130 years ago, Egypt's population was scarcely three million. Then a dam was built north of Cairo in the 1850's. By the end of the century the population was nearly ten million. The British built the first Aswan dam in 1902, to reclaim a million acres of land – substantially the same target as the new high dam. Since then the population has trebled. Dams and babies seem to go together in Egypt's history. President Nasser has now declared war against this fatal alliance.

PATRICK SEALE *and* IRENE BEESON

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PUERTO RICO

How Much Independence Does It Want?

by Marvin M. Karpatkin

In Puerto Rico the US has a "colonial problem" that is unique. There are special agonies and ambiguities that arise out of the peculiar relationship between this nonsovereign overseas territory and the ruling metropolitan power. Some of these, hopefully, are on the way to being resolved. Early this May, the United States-Puerto Rico Commission on the Status of Puerto Rico – after three sets of hearings and ten background studies – will meet to consider the first draft of its long-awaited report. Chairman of the Commission is the President's good friend, James H. Rowe.

The Commission is a joint one, having among its Puerto Rican members former Governor Muñoz Marin and the former director of the Alliance for Progress, Theodore Moscoso; on the American side there are Senators Javits and Jackson and Ambassador Pat Harris. The Commission's executive director, Ben Stefansky, is the respected former US Ambassador to Bolivia.

Puerto Rico's official status now is that of "Commonwealth," more accurately rendered as "Estado Libre Asociado" (Free Associated State). The term itself is a political masterpiece, since it has something for everyone: the advocates of statehood (35 percent of the vote in the 1964 gubernatorial elections) point to the "Estado"; the Independentistas (only two percent of the vote, plus an unknown but larger amount of deliberate abstainers) draw some comfort from the "Libre"; and those in favor of some variation of the status quo (the party in power for the last 25 years) emphasize the "Asociado."

Puerto Ricans are US citizens with full constitutional rights to travel and change residence to anywhere else in the US. (There are more than 750,000 "migrants" in New York City, twice the population of the City of San Juan.) Puerto Rico is within the US customs barriers, and a large number of federal welfare programs are specifically applicable to and enjoyed by the people. All this plus "Operation Bootstrap," which encourages mainland industries through 10-year tax concessions and availability of cheap labor to locate in Puerto Rico, is said to create a considerably higher standard of living than anywhere else in Latin America. (The per capita income is $900; that of Mississippi, the lowest of any mainland state, is $1,500.)

Nevertheless, the basic political fact is that Puerto Ricans are ruled by the US Congress. They have a Resident Commissioner in Washington, but no actual participation in making the laws which govern them. The extent to which they are benefited or burdened by federal legislation, as well as the powers of their own Commonwealth government, are established by the US Congress, and subject to change by Congress. One of the more obvious ambiguities in this relationship is that Puerto Ricans are exempt from federal income tax but not from Selective Service.

Alaska and Hawaii are not good precedents. Although there are a large number of mainland Americans temporarily working in Puerto Rico with the Bootstrap industries, and an even larger number of tourists and vacationers, the total number of "immigrants," English-speaking persons from the mainland, is estimated at 50,000 – less than two percent of the island's population. Also, Puerto Rico's culture is basically Hispanic, notwithstanding more than a half-century of US rule. Although English is a compulsory second (and sometimes first) language in every school, it is still difficult to find Puerto Ricans outside San Juan who are fluent in English. Even the educated bilingual Puerto Ricans have a greater affinity for and interest in Spanish-language theater and literature than for English-language culture. Juan Bosch, Fidel Castro and the Organization of American States get more headlines than de Gaulle, Kosygin and NATO.

There seems, though, to have been a curiously slim recognition by the federal governing power that Puerto Rico is *not* just another territory awaiting eventual statehood. The Supreme Court held early in the century that Puerto Rico was an "unincorporated" territory of the US, unlike the territories of Alaska and Hawaii, which were incorporated.

Although pressures for statehood are strong, many acute observers believe that its vociferous advocates do not so much desire statehood as fear that the existing

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ambiguous situation may lead to independence. Statehood partisans, nominally affiliated with the mainland Republican Party, are by and large those who believe they would have the most to lose by the end of the American presence. This group includes large segments of the middle class, employed as managers, executives and technicians for Bootstrap industries, as well as the growing number whose livelihood depends on tourism. "Everyone who has a small suburban house and a Volkswagen" is the way the statehooders were caustically described by an articulate Independentista. But since fewer than 35 percent of the electorate have a house and a VW, it can be assumed that there are poor Puerto Ricans too who think that statehood would offer the best future.

Those Favoring Independence

The Independentistas are of two groups. There is the political party of that name, which does not have a single seat in the legislature, and whose sole elected official is one member of the San Juan City Council, thanks to proportional representation. It does have a representative on the joint Status Commission, but he has recently threatened to walk out.

More significant is the "Movement for Independence," which deliberately abstains from elections. MPI leaders claim that their following is at least ten percent of the electorate. The MPI president is a highly respected professor of Hispanic literature. To the surprise of many, the Bar Association overwhelmingly passed a resolution whose cardinal principle, while not absolutely pro-Independentista, asserts that whatever the Puerto Ricans finally choose (statehood, association or independence), "the Congress of the US will have to give up all power over the people of Puerto Rico, transferring it to the Puerto Rican people."

The MPI people have presented an anti-colonial petition to the UN. They were also represented at the recent Tri-Continental Congress in Havana. They agitate vehemently, but there is no credible evidence that they contemplate armed insurrection. The word that keeps cropping up in political discussions is not independence, but *sovereignty*. Once sovereignty is acknowledged, they argue, it would not be unreasonable to expect the two sovereign nations of the US and the Republic of Puerto Rico, to negotiate a series of treaties, the results of which would be to continue many present programs. This could all be prenegotiated, they say, and there could be simultaneous execution of both the instrument of independence and the various treaties involved, as was the case with the Philippines.

Meanwhile, the MPI people operate in various ways, some novel. Their young men do not refuse, *per se*, to be drafted, but appear when ordered and state that they are ready to take the military oath, if they can add to it a statement containing certain reservations based on their political position. Not unexpectedly, the Defense Department refuses to accept them with such reservations; some prosecutions are pending.

In another unusual case, a suit was instituted against the US government in federal court where the plaintiff sought to have himself denaturalized. He argued that he never voluntarily applied for US citizenship, nor did he ever have any opportunity through elected representatives to determine whether citizenship would be conferred on him. Although the case was dismissed on technical grounds, it did provide a significant first: at the plaintiff's insistence, he was allowed to present his case in Spanish, in a US court. (In the federal court in San Juan, cases are always heard in English.)

The architect of the Commonwealth concept, and still very much Puerto Rico's most powerful single political personage, is Muñoz Marin, who retired as governor in 1964 after more than two decades of active political leadership, first as president of the Senate under a Washington-appointed governor, and then as the first elected governor. The Popular Democratic Party, the party of Muñoz and his successor – Governor Roberto Sanchez Villella – has within it a wing that leans toward statehood and a corresponding wing that leans toward independence.

On the occasion of his March visit to Washington, Governor Sanchez said that the overwhelming majority of the people of Puerto Rico desire no change in the present Commonwealth status. At the same time, in meetings with Vice President Humphrey and with influential members of Congress, the ever-present problem of status was certainly discussed. Obviously, Sanchez and his colleagues are nervous about what Mr. Rowe's Status Commission will recommend.

Last month, two much debated questions were (1) Governor Sanchez' proposal to enact a capital gains tax at a higher rate than the federal tax; (2) his intercession in Washington to provide an exception for Puerto Rico in the liberalizing amendments to the federal wage

COMING: *a survey of what we now know and don't know about the drug, LSD*

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and hour minimum. Assuming the accuracy of the economic analysis, if the same federally-established nationwide minimum wage had to be paid in Puerto Rico as on the mainland, it would discourage further investment by mainland industries and might even cause some of them to close. Yet this decision cannot be made by the Puerto Rican government. It must, in effect, petition the metropolitan government to keep Puerto Rico's minimum wage lower than that in the rest of the US.

It is situations such as these – reflecting the absence of political power to make decisions governing their own destiny – that cause the Independentistas to disparage the flurry of aggressive legislative activity as "colonial politics." And yet the Commonwealth legislature does have considerable power in areas not covered by federal legislation, including education, public works, housing, local taxation (vide the capital gains tax question) and local judicial administration. The two federal judges are appointed by Washington, but all of the Commonwealth judges, including the members of the Puerto Rico Supreme Court, are appointed by the governor. (But the last rejoinder belongs to the Independentistas: the US Congress could change this tomorrow by majority vote.)

Culture and Tourism

Political questions aside, supporters of Commonwealth are not the only ones who have praise for other aspects of life in Puerto Rico. The cultural product, under the aegis of the government-subsidized Institute of Puerto Rican Culture, is remarkable. Enough is known of the annual Pablo Casals Festival, but it is not generally known that the Symphony Orchestra of Puerto Rico gives *free* concerts throughout the island on virtually a year-round basis. In February and March the Institute sponsored an International Festival of Theater at the Tapia, San Juan's neo-classical drama house. Five different Puerto Rican companies, including a ballet company, performed. One saw Ustinov's *The Love for Four Colonels* and Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. San Juan has just played host to an Inter-American Festival of the Arts (painting, music, dance, architecture, films).

Puerto Rico's special cultural distinction has been in the plastic arts, particularly the graphic arts. Probably the two outstanding poster artists anywhere in the world are Lorenzo Homar and Rafael Tufiño, both of whom are employed full-time by the Institute, teaching and making posters. But artistic work of distinction is by no means limited to the graphic arts. The old city of San Juan has a large number of painters and sculptors and galleries, reflecting all the schools from ash-can realism to pop art constructivism. Special excitement was generated by the recent publication of a unique bilingual book: *Puerto Rico: La Nueva Vida/ The New Life*, which contains selections of the works of twenty Puerto Rican artists, accompanied by excerpts from the works of a number of poets and writers. Yet the ever-present reminder to the sensitive Puerto Rican is evident even in this beautiful, if slim, art book: its publication was made possible by the financial generosity of the Housing Investment Corporation.

The recent controversy at the University of Puerto Rico surrounding the appointment of the first multi-campus university president, also reflects, in part, the persistent problem of cultural identification. It culminated with the selection of Dr. Jaime Benitez who had previously been chancellor of the principal campus at Rio Piedras. A major part of the opposition to Benitez (there were faculty and student picket lines) was allegations of violations of academic freedom. Benitez attempted to run, more or less, an American-style university and a fair evaluation would probably show that the university rates considerably higher on the academic freedom yardstick than most mainland universities. But this is scant comfort to students and faculty members who compare their lot not with US standards but with universities elsewhere in Latin America, where there are lustier traditions of political activity.

Puerto Rico's tourist trade has grown about 20 percent a year since 1960 ($119.3 million in fiscal '65). That portion of San Juan which serves the tourists is almost indistinguishable from Miami Beach. There are some happy exceptions in design and decor, but most of the tourist hotels on the "strip" try to outdo each other in tasteless garishness. The night clubs and gambling casinos are the focal points around which tourist hotel life revolves. In the daytime, the magnificent beaches are virtually abandoned in favor of the Miami-like familiarity of the swimming pools, the battalions of well-filled chaises lined up and packed in solid, the sounds of card-playing and loud-speaker announcements, melding with the smells of suntan lotion, nail polish and cigar smoke. Nowhere in this tourist enclave in this Spanish-speaking country does one hear a word of Spanish.

San Juan is also a favorite stopping-off place for cruise ships, and almost every day one can see the cruise passengers in the streets of the old city, looking for their souvenirs, equipped with the full regalia of walking shorts and cameras. Insofar as concerns the large number of outrageously priced tourist trap shops which lie in wait for these unquiet Americans, the best that can be said is that the merchants and customers deserve each other.

What is the effect of this on the Puerto Rican, regardless of his income or political affiliation? What does it do to a man to see each and every day, tens of thousands of his people in an attitude of servitude and

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submissiveness to wealthy Americans? To go into San Juan's leading department store and not find a single children's toy or children's book that is *not* manufactured on the mainland, and written in English? To learn that in some of the poshest restaurants they do not bother with bilingual menus, printing them in English only? To see his governor fly to Washington to lobby for a lower minimum wage than that paid anywhere in the US?

One of the closest observers of the Puerto Rican scene is Roger Baldwin, an amazingly active octogenarian, who retired as executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union some years ago, and now spends several months each year at the University of Puerto Rico.

He observed that every Puerto Rican is afflicted with a certain amount of political-cultural schizophrenia. Even the most fervent advocate of statehood, or the strongest defender of the status quo, is one part Independentista.

The Empty French Chair in Geneva

Paris

Except for a handful of right-wing mystics, no Frenchman has been expecting a Soviet attack on France in many a year. The French are living with the certainty of being the most secure people in Europe. If de Gaulle's *force de frappe* annoys most of them because of the cost, it also buoys many as a gleaming new toy. No Frenchman feels more secure for the Bomb: there is no superlative to "security." For the same reason, there is little interest here in disarmament, except among the specialized few. There is of course such a thing as a French disarmament policy. It is based on the idea that armament and disarmament are alternative roads to security; if you can't take the second you must take the first. Either there is a general ban on nuclear arms and France goes along, or there isn't, and France will build up her own.

Failure to reach a decision on banning all nuclear arms has furnished since the late 1950's the main justification for the French nuclear effort; in turn, emergence of the *force de frappe* has made a nuclear ban that much more difficult. Unperturbed, the French still consider partial disarmament as devoid of meaning – unless linked to the search for a general nuclear ban. Therein, Paris differs from Washington and Moscow. The two nuclear superpowers believe that partial accords patiently added one to the other will improve chances for the ultimate breakthrough.

Gaullist pessimism sees the current Geneva meeting on disarmament as staffed by one too few and 14 too many: one too few since no general atomic agreement can be reached in the absence of Communist China, the fifth atomic power; 14 too many since the presence at Geneva of nonatomic nations is worse than useless.

While in Washington and Moscow the danger of an escalation in Vietnam suggests even greater urgency to nuclear accords, the gloomier view here sees the deepening division over Vietnam as one more block to agreement at Geneva. Thus this year as before, France's chair at Geneva remains empty. It is a real chair in the conference hall and is marked "France." The invisible Frenchman sitting on that chair has proposed different things in different years, though his basic attitude has not changed. When France did not yet possess a nuclear force, her proposals amounted to abolishing those of the others. When France was well advanced toward having her first bomb but still behind in means of delivery, she proposed a ban on the latter. Now that France has both carriers and bombs the invisible Frenchman, so to speak, is leaning back.

France now advocates, linked to the old demand for negotiations on a general ban, the control and inspection of all bomb "vectors." By this de Gaulle means all bombers, ships, subs, missiles, launching pads and satellites. When the proposal was made here, it was received with polite interest in Geneva, no more. It did not alter the course of debate. Thus France feels free to perfect her *force de frappe*.

It is to perfect the *force de frappe* that France has not signed the Moscow treaty outlawing all nuclear tests except underground. In a recent television interview the foreign minister, Maurice Couve de Murville, stated that the treaty's main aim was to prevent countries other than the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union from building credible nuclear forces, and that for this very reason France was not a partner. (She expects her first H-bomb test early this summer.) Couve added with equal bluntness that France was naturally opposed to nuclear proliferation as far as Germany was concerned. Germany's number-one problem was reunification. And reunification could only be disserved by an atomic role for Bonn, since the Soviets oppose it and reunification hinges on Soviet agreement.

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Frenchmen will argue that politics are power politics even in the field of disarmament, and that everybody knows this and acts accordingly. No one has ever given away without counterpart a major weapon in his arsenal. Agreement is reached only when interests coincide and everybody is satisfied it will not modify the balance of power. The dumping of excessive stocks of fissionable material does not modify the equilibrium; it will not make the world safer.

The Doctrine of All or Nothing

Verbal bluntness is more than a trademark on the Gaullist armor. In military atomics, publicizing French intentions is a key requirement for the *force de frappe* to be effective as a deterrent. It must make up in credibility what it may lack in size. No doubt must remain in anybody's mind about France's suicidal determination to use it in the event of attack. Only thus can the attack be discouraged. For similar reasons, French strategy discards any graduated response, as proposed by Secretary McNamara. It is a case of all or nothing. Attacked, France will immediately use her strategic nuclear force and strike at enemy civilian targets.

Gaullist pessimism precludes a halt in escalation, from conventional weapons to tactical atomic missiles to the all-out strike. Strategists here do not believe once the war machine has started, it can be stopped. They do not believe that there can be such a thing as a "pause for reflection." They consider that whichever side will feel inferior on the lower rung of the ladder will escalate to the next higher one at once, and so forth till doom.

Quite aside from military theory, the present shape of the *force de frappe* excludes any other approach. Because of that theory it was built the way it is – as a strategic force. No other yet exists here. Present strength of the *force de frappe* is estimated at two to three dozen Mirage IV ultrasonic bombers carrying A-bombs two to three times the power of the Hiroshima bomb. France's "first generation" atomic force will go up to 62 Mirage bombers.

The French atomic establishment in the South Pacific will reportedly try for its first thermonuclear explosion just prior to de Gaulle's projected journey to Moscow early this summer. However that may be, even Defense Minister Pierre Messmer has conceded that by 1968-69 the Mirages will no longer be able to penetrate airspace protected by defenses such as then will exist. By 1970, therefore, all the Mirages will have been phased out. That year, only the first of three nuclear submarines in the "second generation" *force de frappe* will be operational. To bridge the gap, France will "maintain its level of deterrence," as the jargon goes, with a number of ground-to-ground and ground-to-air missiles. There will be 16 Polaris-type missiles for each sub. France plans other medium-range missiles for 1970-74, but no intercontinentals.

The French point out that if there may be "overkill" elsewhere, there is no such thing as "underkill" once you have atomic weapons. Strategists here operate on a cost-efficiency principle: each country is worth only a certain price. Beyond that price, an attacker loses more than he gains. Consequently, he will refrain from attacking.

The principle is epitomized in a phrase by General Pierre Gallois, one of the pioneers of French military atomics. He said that if the principality of Monaco had a single submarine with some nuclear-tipped Polaris missiles it would be amply protected against any enemy in the world. Damage threatened in the territory of the attacker would be incommensurable with benefit from pocketing rock, casino and castle.

Skeptics will question the credibility of the *force de frappe* by pointing to its evident weakness in the means of delivery. The range of the Mirages is short. To reach targets in westernmost Russia, the planes have to rely on France's dozen tanker planes for refueling twice – on the way in, on the way out. (The tanker planes are American-made KC-135 Boeings.) To duck under Soviet radar, the Mirages would have to fly low, thus slowing down their progress. According to one German estimate, only three out of the 62 would have a chance of reaching their targets.

This seems a nonsensical approach. For one thing, Franco-Soviet relations are warming by the month. For another, were this not so, no war involving Paris and Moscow could be imagined that would bypass West Germany. And in Germany, for the foreseeable future, American garrisons remain. Even out of NATO, France will still benefit from protection through this military tripwire system.

Why then the *force de frappe?* As a nucleus for a European force some day? That would require what de Gaulle abhors, a supranational political control.

As a status symbol *vis-à-vis* the nuclear have-nots? It would seem too costly.

Perhaps the answer, tentatively, is in the direction of disarmament. As France's nuclear establishment is gradually being diversified, chances are that French strategy will change, and with it the approach to disarmament. Now mainly platonic, it may become active – if and when France's bargaining power is increased by having the Bomb – and being able to deliver it.

ANDREAS FREUND

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Arms Race – A Spiral of Fear

Another behind-the-scenes battle is under way between the Army and Air Force. In the classical manner of such internecine warfare, the two services studiously avoid open jabs at each other, preferring to use a flanking maneuver to muster congressional support and public opinion.

This maneuvering can be sensed behind recent headlines scored by a House Armed Services subcommittee report that criticized Defense Secretary Robert McNamara for failing to allow the Air Force to proceed with a new long-range strategic bomber; it followed on the heels of press reports that the Senate Armed Services Committee on the other hand had voted $168-million, unsought by the Pentagon, to force McNamara to begin production of the Army's Nike-X ballistic missile defense system.

If the Pentagon should begin even limited production of the Nike-X, at a cost estimated at close to $10 billion, there simply would be no money around to finance a new Air Force strategic bomber which would require about $5 billion to get off the ground. And if the Army should get its Nike-X, in combination with its stepped-up Vietnam funds, it would become the senior service in terms of its share of the defense budget. The Air Force then would slip behind the Navy into third place, for the first time since it was created more than 20 years ago, a not unimportant consideration in the Pentagon pecking order.

McNamara has been moving toward limited deployment of Nike-X in recent years, motivated by concern over a potential threat from Red Chinese missiles in the 1970's, or those from a lesser power – sometimes called the "Nth nation threat." The reasoning is that the Chinese or others, unlike the Russians, mightn't be deterred by American missiles. Despite their knowledge that those missiles exist, they might still launch their own missiles, possibly with cheap warheads carrying great fallout, against American cities, whose only protection could in that case be the umbrella of a missile defense system.

Still, there has been some hesitation about building even a limited missile defense system. What, for example, would be its psychological impact? Would it prompt the Soviet Union to think that we planned a preemptive attack, and start the USSR to plotting its own? At the very least it was feared that we might encourage the Russians to build their own Nike-X equivalent and to produce more intercontinental ballistic missiles to saturate our defensive system. This would set in motion a new ICBM race which would actually decrease the security of both countries. Last year the US sent up a trial balloon suggesting a three-year moratorium on deployment of ICBM defenses by both countries, but without any attempt to halt research in the field. The reason for this distinction was simple: both countries could detect a deployment violation by the other, using its reconnaissance satellites, but research could not be policed.

The trial balloon bore no official US government tag, but it was contained in a report by one of several committees convened by the White House, and was headed by two former top officials of the present and previous Administrations: Dr. Jerome Wiesner, previously scientific adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and Roswell Gilpatric, former Deputy Secretary of Defense. The committee report pointed out that there was little likelihood of a missile defense system with 100 percent effectiveness; that either side need only build enough ICBMs to saturate the other's defenses, plus a few more to then destroy the other's population centers.

Wiesner and Gilpatric knew that the US already had developed special ICBM warheads which were designed to confuse enemy defense radars, and that we were developing maneuvering warheads which could suddenly change course and head for a different target, making their interception still more formidable. Presumably the Russians were developing similar types of warheads or would soon. When that time came, the Russians would share our pessimism about the prospect of building a truly effective defense against a massive attack of ICBMs carrying complex warheads designed to fool defenses. The three-year proposed moratorium would give the Russians time to reach the same state of knowledge as ourselves about the problems of ICBM defense and the tricks of ICBM offense.

The proposal may have come too late, for at the time there were intelligence reports suggesting that the Russians already were deploying a new and very large defensive missile system around Moscow. And if there were those in the Soviet hierarchy who argued for the proposed moratorium, their voices were not strengthened by the earlier escalation of the US military effort in the Far East.

Within the past month, Soviet Defense Minister Malinovsky announced the "completion of a blue belt of defense," without further elaboration. More recently, during a visit to Vienna, Malinovsky is quoted as saying, "We have introduced a new type of long-range, rocket-combating anti-aircraft system. . . ." At a recent press conference, Defense Secretary McNamara acknowledged that the Russians were beginning

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to deploy an anti-missile system of their own.

And so the stage is set for a sharp increase in defense spending, when Vietnam permits. For seven long years the Army has been pushing for approval to produce its missile defense system, and it is not likely to overlook the ammunition just served up by the Russians. Which explains why Air Force "liaison officers" have been extremely active in the halls of Congress recently, explaining to all who will listen that the Nike-X would not really be a very effective system and suggesting that production be deferred until a better system can be devised – presumably by the Air Force.

This has been the Air Force position ever since January 16, 1958, when the Eisenhower Administration selected the Army's Nike Zeus system over an Air Force contender. The Nike Zeus has since developed into the much more capable Nike-X system.

Beyond trying to run down the Nike-X system, the Air Force must now attempt to turn recent Soviet pronouncements to its own advantage. For example, it will argue with some justification for increased numbers of Minuteman ICBMs and development of still larger missiles to saturate Russian missile defenses. Only three years ago, during congressional testimony, USAF's then chief of staff General Curtis LeMay confidently stated that "we can keep ahead of them in our offensive systems so we can penetrate anything they (Soviets) can come up with in an anti-ballistic missile system."

While thus publicly expressing confidence in the ability of our ICBMs to get through Russian missile defenses and while seeking still more missiles, the Air Force can now be expected to tell its friends in Congress that recent events merely confirm its fears about McNamara's heavy reliance on missiles. And the Air Force will urge that we now rush ahead to develop a new long-range bomber which perhaps could sneak in under missile defenses. To the layman, this might sound like talking out of both sides of the mouth, but it is standard procedure for any military service seeking increased funds.

No Absolute Defense

Seven years ago, the Army expressed extreme confidence that its Nike Zeus missile defense was sufficiently perfected that it should be put into production. Every year since, Army spokesmen have made similar claims, despite the fact that many of the original Nike Zeus concepts have now been abandoned as the system progressed to the Nike-X configuration which still is undergoing continuing improvement in design. If a previous Administration had taken the Army at its word, the US today would have a multi-billion dollar investment in an obsolescent Nike Zeus.

This raises the question of just how effective a Nike-X system would be if the Johnson Administration decides to begin production during the next several years. The answer is that it should be extremely effective against a small to moderate-size attack of a handful or a few dozen enemy ICBMs. But against an all-out attack of several hundred missiles, there is less certainty. At least a few probably would penetrate, or at least explode close enough to major cities to cause a grave fallout threat.

As the Chinese Communist nuclear weapon capability has emerged, McNamara has appeared to lean increasingly toward a limited Nike-X deployment. Granted that it may take a decade for the Chinese to build a handful of nuclear-tipped long-range missiles that could reach the US, it probably would take nearly that long for us to build, deploy and make operational even a limited Nike-X system.

Some will argue that even when the Chinese Communists have long-range strategic weapons poised, they would never dare to strike first at the US and risk complete devastation of their hard-built industry. I would agree, but this is only part of the problem.

As Chinese nuclear power grows, and it seems certain to, the deterrent umbrella which the US could hold over Asian nations who might seek such protection, will develop serious leaks. For the Chinese might well believe that we would not risk use of our nuclear might to deter them, so long as they held even one or two American cities as hostage to their own nuclear weapons. So a Nike-X system, which could neutralize this Chinese threat, might strengthen the credibility of our deterrent umbrella.

One should not overlook another situation, although it smacks of Dr. Strangelove. With several hundred Soviet ICBMs armed and poised at the US, it is not inconceivable that one might someday get away accidentally. If US authorities were promptly alerted, and if we had a limited Nike-X capability, the lone intruder could be destroyed. Today it could not.

Without such a defense, the errant missile could wipe out a major US city, generating widespread pressures for retaliation in kind which an American President might find hard to resist. If an investment of $10-billion could save an American city and avoid the political consequences of its destruction, this alone might justify the investment, in my opinion. Such rationale might be a partial explanation for the Soviet decision to proceed with *its* present missile defenses – that and the growing Soviet fear of China, as well as the cooling of hopes for US-USSR collaboration that has come in the wake of Vietnam.

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Humphrey's Old Pals

An Account of the ADA Convention

by Andrew Kopkind

"Hubert is so *nice*," a white-haired lady from New York said; "we all love him." She and 650 of her fellow-Americans for Democratic Action were on their feet, cheering their friend, the Vice President. There had been some anxiety that opposition to the war in Vietnam would dilute Humphrey's reception at the ADA's 19th annual convention. Now all fears were allayed. "This is the proudest moment of my life," said former Ambassador James Loeb, by way of introduction. "It is my hope that some day that phrase – 'Mr. Vice President' – can be shortened," Joseph L. Rauh remarked coyly. Humphrey glowed.

It was like old times. Jim Loeb ("the father of ADA") was toastmaster, Joe Rauh ("Mr. ADA") made the pitch for money, Jimmy Wechsler (a founder) said some kind words about David Dubinsky ("a man without whom . . ."). The Shoreham Hotel in Washington took on something of the air of a midwinter reunion of a New Hampshire camp. The old boys gathered in small knots to go over the summer's adventures; next year's campers milled around the periphery. Then it was time to present the Most Outstanding Camper.

"It may be," Humphrey began disarmingly, "that we have spent too much time in the same elevator to have much perspective on each other." So much for introspection: Humphrey quickly made the transition into the body of his address, a toneless, rather pedestrian defense of the US position on the war. A majority of the delegates did not agree with the speech (earlier in the afternoon they had voted a biting denunciation of that very position), but they still loved the speaker. And for reasons deeply-etched in memory. He had been *there* when battles had to be fought for Negro rights, for economic and social justice.

Weeks earlier, when Humphrey asked to be invited to deliver the main convention address, the word went out to "be kind to Hubert." The floor debate on Vietnam policy was moved up on the agenda to come before his appearance, so that it would not appear that ADA was repudiating its favorite officeholder. The old boys of the organization worked to construct a "consensus" on foreign policy, strong enough at least to prevent a walkout or audible boos. "What we need is a house of cards with a firm foundation," a delegate said. But the ADA was never about to tear down the house. Despite occasional differences, "Hubert Humphrey and the ADA are as one," Dubinsky had said in a message read to the delegates (he was vacationing in Europe). They had been riding the same elevator for two decades, and they had both arrived in the same fix at the same time.

John Kenneth Galbraith pointed to the predicament in his keynote speech: "It cannot be the highest function of the modern liberal to work avidly to accomplish what has already been done," he said. The ADA platform of 1947 is pretty much national policy of 1966 – welfare, education, housing, employment, civil rights. Improvements can be made, implementation is still spotty; the delegates spent the better part of three days recommending them. But the main points ADA and Humphrey have wanted to make have been made.

ADA came into being following World War II specifically to exclude Communists from progressive ranks. This is the Humphrey background too. He put the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party together in Minnesota and fought to make it Communist-clean. "We'd get 40 or 50 people together and walk into a local DFL meeting run by the Communists, and just vote the old officers out and our people in," Humphrey told an assistant, Winthrop Griffith, who records it in his biography of the Vice President. "The Communists fought back hard. But if they stayed up until midnight, we stayed up until 3 a.m. If they issued five press releases, we put out 10. If they staged a local rally for support, we organized two rallies. It was tough, and sometimes the fight got dirty. But we were just as tough as the Commies were – and sometimes just as mean." When a colleague in Minnesota urged Minneapolis Mayor Humphrey to run for the Senate in 1948, Humphrey replied, "Not until you clean the Commies out of your district and help us to purge them from the state DFL."

ADA old-timers like to say that their anti-Communism was based on a deep antipathy to "totalitarianism and authoritarianism in all its forms," as many speakers at the convention repeated. It was that, and some-

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thing more immediate: whatever the battle of ideologies going on at the cosmic level, the fights within the DFL, and between the Progressive Party and the ADA were power struggles on a small scale. Those old struggles still tear at the ADA; they are still referents for the decisions Humphrey and the remnants of his Minneapolis "diaper brigade" of advisers are making.

Humphrey and the ADA have always disliked the Red-baiters, too. They are scarred, as Galbraith said, by the memories of the two Joes – Stalin and McCarthy.

The wounds are more than superficial. The liberals have been acquainted with political compromise over the years – not more than most men, perhaps, but the evasions, the silences, stand in more striking relief against the moral backdrop of liberal conviction. It was not only Humphrey who, in the worst days of McCarthyism, was reserved, at least in public utterances. So was John F. Kennedy. During the McCarthy censure debate in the Senate, Humphrey spoke once, on a procedural point. It was conservative Republicans like Ralph Flanders, Margaret Chase Smith, Robert Hendrickson, Arthur Watkins and two outspoken Democrats – William Benton and Herbert Lehman – who led the public fight to cut down Joe McCarthy.

Humphrey's most noted political contribution to that dismal debate was the sponsorship of the Communist Control Act of 1954, which declared that the Communist Party is "an instrumentality of a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States." In one stroke, Humphrey was completing the job of "kicking the Commies out," and forestalling attacks from the right-wingers, who had become particularly noisy as he began campaigning for a second term. In a Senate speech defending his bill, Humphrey said:

"Let the record be clear. This Senator has been fighting the Communist movement ever since he entered public life, and before. I am tired of reading headlines about being soft toward Communism . . . about being leftist and about others being leftists. I am tired of having people play the Communist issue as though it were a great overture which has lasted for years. I want to come to grips with the Communist issue. I want senators to stand up and to answer whether they are for the Communist Party or against it. . . . They cannot duck this one." They didn't; the bill passed 84 to 0. (Two prosecutions have been brought under the law, both in the mid-'fifties. One was dismissed after all the witnesses had died or were unavailable for testimony. The other was thrown out for "stale" evidence; fresher evidence has not been introduced.)

Later, in a 1959 speech at Yale, Humphrey's "hard line" seemed to soften. He advocated some dealings with the Peking government if it might help disarmament negotiations. In that day, and for a presidential hopeful, it was a somewhat bold thought. In a Senate colloquy with Senator Keating, also in 1959, Humphrey suggested that China be included in official disarmament talks. During the French war in Indochina, he said that the "loss of all Indochina to the Communists, or active military intervention on an almost unilateral basis" would be equally intolerable. He took the same position in 1964 – substituting "escalation" for "intervention."

Still, many Humphrey political causes have been argued as if in the presence of the Communist menace. In 1951, introducing his civil rights program, he said: "We stand opposed to a ruthless group of men who espouse doctrines denying the dignity of men and their right to develop the best that is within themselves." America is losing a part of the ideological battle with Communism, Humphrey thought, because Negroes do not have equality in the US. He fought hard for foreign aid, as a means of fighting Communism; in 1956 he said, "If democracy in India fails, India can go only one way. It can only go the way of Red China."

Pilgrim's Progress

Humphrey's first national political role was that of the brash young moralist. As a candidate for his first senatorial term, he tore up the 1948 Democratic National Convention on the civil rights issue. Defeated in the Platform Committee on a "strong" rights plank, he brought the matter to the convention floor, won the day, and sent the Dixiecrats out in revolt. In the Senate, he quickly offended the "club." His famous attack on Harry Byrd and the Senate conservatives' ideas about government spending and federal bureaucracy, made him the liberals' hero. Not long thereafter, however, Humphrey had made peace with the "club," more by charm and good humor than any backing away from his convictions. He wooed the Southerners, and if he did not win them, he arrived at a working relationship. When Joseph Clark came to the Senate in 1957, Humphrey told him how to turn the trick: when you feel you have to berate Jim Eastland, tell him beforehand what you're going to do. He recalled that in 1951 Byrd had been most offended by Humphrey's lack of prior consultation (Byrd was absent from the chamber on the day of the attack), not by the charges.

Humphrey had become a "pragmatist," as all successful politicians do. He went to Russia and talked for hours with Khrushchev. He campaigned for unappealing Democratic candidates "for the good of the party." He was Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's strong left arm in the Senate, and after Johnson made him Democratic Whip, he covered President Kennedy's liberal flank in Congress. He had earned the highest compliment politicians can bestow: he was *effective*.

He slipped a notch by losing the presidential nomi-

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nation in 1960, but his role in the primary campaign as the ADA's "stop Kennedy" candidate had by circumstance been helpful to Lyndon Johnson. Not that the ADA had entertained anything but dismay about Johnson. His selection as Kennedy's running mate, Joe Rauh was quoted as saying, was "an absolute double cross of the ADA and the liberals of the United States." But Humphrey was dutiful to the ticket and party solidarity. And as things turned out, he filled in the vital left wing of the consensus and became the obvious candidate for Vice President in 1964.

"I pleaded with him not to take the spot," one of his ADA friends recalled recently. The argument, which others advanced, too, was that he would be swallowed up in the Johnson Administration and have no significant influence. In the Senate, he could consolidate his control and be majority leader in effect, if Senator Mansfield kept the job in fact. But there was hardly any doubt about Humphrey's wishes.

To what extent he is "locked in" by the Administration – a term which Humphrey himself is said to use on occasion – is a political puzzle people have trouble putting together. What's wrong is that they see the politician and his office as separate pieces instead of inseparable. Humphrey is filling a role as Vice President – not playing it, but *in* it. He is not simply a member of the Administration: he partakes of it. "Adlai Stevenson could have resigned," an ADA critic of US foreign policy said at the convention; "Hubert can't." Nor is there any suggestion that the idea ever entered his head. Humphrey's perceptions are no longer those of the outsider. Like a teacher who is suddenly a principal, Humphrey has "responsibility" – for order, for results, for a whole range of interests which he may once have seen from a different perspective. He is plugged into what Galbraith called the "foreign policy syndicate," and the juices from Humphrey's own strong anti-Communism intermingle with the syndicate's "uniquely perceptive and aroused view of . . . the international Communist conspiracy."

There is not much room for creativity in the Vice Presidency these days, and anyone of Humphrey's drive and imagination is likely to feel hemmed-in, if not locked-in. He carries out what substantive duties he is assigned with gusto. He had been aching to go abroad (President Johnson had passed up more than one opportunity to send him overseas, beginning with Churchill's funeral). He finally flew off to Asia late last year, carefully missing Saigon. After the Honolulu conference in February, the President sent him to Vietnam.

In Washington, he swings between the Capitol and the Executive Office Building. He does odd jobs for the White House. He lobbied against Senator Dirksen's anti-reapportionment amendments, but (so declares one informed labor leader) went easy on the fight on section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, to nullify state right-to-work laws. He seems to be cultivating a younger set of senators; he takes his older friends from the early and mid-'fifties pretty much for granted, chiding them when they annoy the President. He called one of them recently to say that remarks about the potentially detrimental effects of the war on Democratic congressional campaigns were unwelcome and infuriated Mr. Johnson. Humphrey is aware that the President giveth and taketh away. Johnson gave him the job of coordinating federal civil rights programs after the 1964 election, then took it away last summer, shortly after Humphrey entertained Negro leaders, apparently without consulting the President, on a boat trip on the Potomac. He began to court businessmen soon after he became Vice President, for they too are part of the "consensus"; there were dinners with US Steel's Roger Blough and his friends, with investment bankers, grain industry executives, and with Gardner Cowles, the press lord. When some of the liberals began to defect, largely because of Vietnam, Humphrey felt the loss, but what could he do?

How well he can make the necessary repairs in his relations with old associates depends largely on the course of events in Vietnam. His appearance at the ADA convention was a kind of holding action; he wanted it, an ADA official said, to reaffirm his association with ADA people, if not policy (President Johnson had been invited first, and declined). If there is a political fight brewing between Humphrey and Robert Kennedy for the Democratic nomination in 1972, the ADA – or at least the land of the liberals which it represents – may be the first battleground.

Who's Out in Front

Whether he plots it out in the dead of night or not, Kennedy is certainly making capital from liberal disaffection. Humphrey did not warm reformists' hearts when he dutifully campaigned in the New York mayoralty race for machine Democrat Abe Beame against ADA-backed Republican John Lindsay. He must have found his support of the Democratic machine incumbent candidate for Philadelphia district attorney a little hard to swallow. The local ADA certainly did; it supported the liberal Republican, Arlen Specter. Kennedy, with the senatorial freedom Humphrey so long enjoyed and exercised, catches on quickly to contemporary issues: he flies off to see the grape strikers in California, wooes the "new South" in Mississippi, presents stunning plans for breaking up ghettoes. After Kennedy accepted an invitation to speak to the New York ADA convention recently, Humphrey sent him a note of congratulation. Kennedy responded in kind by sending a telegram to the national ADA convention, compliment-

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ing Humphrey. When toastmaster Loeb read off the signature, "Kennedy," the applause was every bit as loud as it had been for Humphrey – in person. No one knows how much Kennedy's sudden popularity with ADA bothers Humphrey; after all Humphrey was fighting for unpopular liberal legislation when Kennedy was unknown. But many ungrateful liberals think that they have the right to ask, "What have you done for us lately?"

The ADA convention could prove to be a watershed. The old boys still seemed to be at the center, but there was some strange buzzing around the edges. Rep. Don Edwards, of California, a relative newcomer and ADA's current national chairman, said first off that "we liberals have not had a good year" (compare Humphrey's line: "the state of democratic action in America – and of Americans for Democratic Action – is good"). "Speaking candidly," Edwards reported, "I think that the liberals of our school have not offered effective opposition. The battle ribbons and the scars are worn by the peace organizations, some civil rights groups, and militant students, clergymen and professors. Our opposition has been polite and civilized, prefaced with protestations of our virtuous anti-Communism and salutations to the good intentions of those in charge of our foreign policy." Edwards found himself blanching

"Sorry About That, Hubert."

"when a political leader says solemnly that he is utterly and unalterably sincere in his desire for whatever it is that he desires at the moment. Too often it means that he mistakes his sincerity for validity."

Like Galbraith, Edwards attacked ADA's indiscriminate anti-Communism. It was then left to the convention's foreign policy commission to make the next move. To go beyond the ADA's stand of "neither escalation nor withdrawal" in Vietnam, the delegates had to chop closer to the core of US policy. A draft clause for the Vietnam resolution was proposed: "Hopefully, Vietnam will be the end of the road for indiscriminate anti-Communism as a pillar of American foreign policy." Members quickly took sides: Old Boy Robert Nathan, who had advised the Vice President on his convention speech, was opposed to that part of the resolution. So were Carl Auerbach of the University of Minnesota and former ADA chairman John Roche of Brandeis – both of them Humphrey advisers. Milton Sachs of Brooklyn College, just back from Vietnam, pleaded with the delegates to remain staunchly anti-Communist. On a preliminary vote in the commission, the clause was defeated, then it found its way into the resolution. On the floor, it was noisily contested again. At one point, the chairman completely lost control of the debate. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union delegate, Gus Tyler, said that a seeming abandonment of ADA's anti-Communist militancy could ruin the organization. Many of the liberal businessmen who have supported ADA were shaken by the thought that it might seem less resolute in its anti-Communism than it had been. But in the end, they lost: the resolution passed with the anti-anti-Communism clause intact.

ADA had not been transformed. It is still "as one with Humphrey" as Dubinsky had said – if not on Vietnam, at least in the general tenor of their politics over the years. But the price both Humphrey and ADA have paid for success has been the softening of their protest. In the late 40's and the 50's, ADA served as broker for the most pressing social movements; legislatively, it helped labor to consolidate its picket-line victories; it it was an anchor for harassed civil libertarians. In some cities, it sparked reform movements (the most notable was Joe Clark's in Philadelphia).

ADA's meaning to the movements of the 'sixties is in doubt. Though it could not in conscience rubber-stamp the LBJ foreign policy, however ardently that was defended by Old Friend Hubert, neither could it claim at this convention the allegiance of many graduates of the Southern civil rights struggle, and there were few in evidence who are fighting with the slum poor (as there were many who had fought alongside labor). There was only a dusting of Negroes. Perhaps the old ADA coalition of "labor and liberals," and Hubert Humphrey too, cannot leap the generational gap.

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"Omensetter's Luck"

by Richard Gilman

In Alain Robbe-Grillet's remarkable collection of essays on fiction, *For a New Novel*, there is a passage which most lucidly sets forth the principle of aesthetic action itself. "The function of art," Robbe-Grillet writes, "is never to illustrate a truth – or even an interrogation – known in advance, but to bring into the world certain interrogations (and also perhaps in time certain answers) not yet known as such to themselves." A little further, he sketches the condition of hostility and retardation – natural, inevitable and needing only to be accepted to provide a partial liberation from itself – against which the literary artist struggles in his effort to bring to birth those forms whose potential existence he has discovered and which now await the actuality only he can bestow:

Omensetter's Luck
by William H. Gass
(New American Library; $5.95)

> "The writer himself, despite his desire for independence, is situated within an intellectual culture and a literature which can only be those of the past. It is impossible for him to escape altogether from this tradition of which he is a product. Sometimes the very elements he has tried hardest to oppose seem, on the contrary, to flourish more vigorously than ever in the very work by which he had hoped to destroy them; and he will be congratulated, of course, with relief for having cultivated them so zealously."

Here on my desk is William H. Gass's *Omensetter's Luck*, which I have no hesitation in calling the most important work of fiction by an American in this literary generation. Here it is lying almost midway between those ambitions and recalcitrances which Robbe-Grillet has identified as being the true artist's truest pressures. For on the one hand Gass's novel is marvelously original, a whole Olympic broad jump beyond what almost any other American has been writing, the first full replenishment of language we have had for a very long time, the first convincing fusion of speculative thought and hard, accurate sensuality that we have had, it is tempting to say, since Melville.

Yet there is also something refractory, stiff, retrograde. For *Omensetter's Luck* hangs back at times and most crucially at the time of its greatest potentiality for freedom, burrowing for comfort and safety into the familiar, not daring fully to cast off its cargo of literary inheritance, employing certain ritualistic narrative procedures which its entire pioneering thrust denies and seeks to abolish. It is as though Gass, having ventured out without looking back, has been overtaken and seduced by the past, which cannot conceive of being wholly left behind.

Yet just because of this, this freedom caught by the tail, it seems to me to make up that kind of incomplete, contingent and vulnerable miracle which can renew an art more powerfully than total revolutions, those hermetic masterpieces whose price is always a sterile autarchy.

For a novel to be problematic in this way, poised between discovery and nostalgia, having made no absolute repudiation but also no pact with the expected, is an anomaly in our culture of sluggish continuity or spastic novelty. The tendency, when confronted with it, is to subvert its impact by seizing on what is familiar in it – its "theme" or "characters" – celebrating that and then assigning to what is new and unprecedented a role as augmenter, regenerator, re-interpreter of the known. "The

Leaning Into Light

Our hibiscus, larch,
Marjoram, cork tree,
Dandelion seek
Light –
A dull day
Has them listless, olive-
Green, no sap running,

As I in a bad
Time am in shadow,
Uncertain. But then
Light,
Like a prophet,
Calling them forth
To grow in the sun's great

Eye – as wisteria
Climbs toward day –
They revive; I have known
Light
Too, a presence
One turns round to face,
Leans into and joins.

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most penetrating (original, illuminating, powerful) image of our alienated condition (social repressions, political mythologies, sexual ambivalences)" we say of works which are actually proposing a new kind of beauty, which is to say a new form.

Omensetter's Luck is not the most original or powerful *reflection* of anything. The beauty it proposes is not an enhancement, or a ramification, or an analogue or a mere reversal of the old. To see what it is and why it is so significant requires us to get past the difficulty we have in understanding how a thing can be called beautiful if it does not take its sanction from what has already been determined upon as the nature of beauty in that particular realm, that is to say if it does not contribute to the aesthetic "heightening" of the familiar.

The word "beauty" is under a cloud these days and this is not the place to examine why. But it will advance my point just as well if I substitute the word "use," for that is what most talk about American writing has come to these days, a backward spin of the wheel of literary theory, which, if one analyzes it, is as philistine and uncomprehending as a frozen conception of beauty. In any case, *Omensetter's Luck* does not fit into the prevailing uses of the novel in America. We are so accustomed to seeing, or imagining that we see, or complaining that we do not see, the novel advancing thematically – the sensibility being extended to cover previously unreported areas of public or private behavior, wit deployed against hitherto sacrosanct targets, language in the service of ever deeper or more complex moral investigations – that we have effectively made fiction into an adjunct of all our other disciplines. We attempt to learn from the novel what has not been given us by social scientists, gurus or eloquent gangsters.

Yet, since fiction can serve only illusorily as psychology, or sociology or philosophy or political theory; since fiction has no reason for being other than to test and exemplify new forms of conciousness, which, moreover, have had to be invented precisely because actuality is incapable of generating them; since fiction has to assimilate all our concerns while remaining resistant to their special pleas and claims in order to be able to place before us the full, irreducible shape of concern itself – since these things are true and yet we want the novel to give us either confirmation or new energy, we mutter and protest that it is not doing its duty, that it should be and in fact is being replaced by other media.

Well, certainly, let the novel of information and booster shots be replaced, since the only existence it has ever really had is as a fiction devised by the utilitarians of the literary world and as work by writers who are not artists.

Lest anyone think I am arguing for a novel stripped of anything palpable, reduced to shadows, abstract gestures and a game of *mere* forms, and that consequently *Omensetter's Luck* must be some sort of monster of reverberations without an initial sound to set them in motion, a graph without data, let me say that all the comforting materials and processes which utilitarians demand in fiction are present: nouns, verbs, adjectives and names which really *are* inseparable from things, actions, qualities and characters and places; and also a tale; and also development; and also a denouement. But in Gass's book, materials from the world outside fiction are turned, or as nearly as the resistance of tradition will allow – into what Robbe-Grillet calls interrogations, which is to say that they are released from their incarceration in our habits of thought and perception, our smooth, completed, self-confident and mostly *literary* way of deciding what we know before we know what it is we have to learn. Every artist has to fight against a world unmediated by art but also against the rigid imperium of all the other art that has preceded him, all the "literature," good or bad, which intervenes between men and what they see and feel.

The novel has a place – Gilean, a small Ohio town; a time – the 1890's; protagonists – Henry Pimber, a sensitive, defeated man, the Reverend Jethro Furber, a preacher obsessed with carnality, and Brackett Omensetter, "a wide and happy man." There is also a narrative, though we shall see that it is untrustworthy as a smooth-running railroad into the land of dreams: Omensetter's arrival in town and the disturbance it brings; the increasing tension between him and Furber; Pim-

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ber's suicide, whose instigation is his conviction that Omensetter possesses life as he cannot; Furber's hints that Omensetter has really murdered him; the running out of Omensetter's luck; Furber's own collapse; and Omensetter's final defeat.

The book begins with a prologue (beautifully written but a little diversionary since it doesn't quite establish what it proposes to) in which an aged townsman shakily remembers, like an uncertain muse of history, the events that are going to be recounted, at one point introducing a crucial note of warning to the reader: "It was Omensetter's luck. Not a story, an illness." Yet the illness which, we learn, affects everybody, for a while has the character of a story, a series of events, locatable in time and space, composing a moral and psychological crisis in which Furber and Omensetter are the chief participants.

To Furber, Omensetter, who does "everything that didn't matter and made [him] feel good," is a mysterious, inimical being, outside moral or spiritual categories, outside, it would seem, any of the familiar and reassuring modes of civilized concern: judgment, consciousness, choice, evaluation:

> "He stored his pay in a sock which hung from his bench, went about oblivious of either time or weather, habitually permitted things which he'd collected like a schoolboy to slip through holes in his trousers. He kept worms under saucers, stones in cans, poked the dirt all the time with twigs, and fed squirrels navy beans and sometimes noodles from his hands. Broken tools bemused him; he often ate lunch with his eyes shut; and, needless to say, he laughed a lot. He let his hair grow; he only intermittently shaved; who knew if he washed; and when he went to pee, he simply let his pants drop."

Against this "unnatural" naturalness, this refusal to take thought or make choices, this "living by not observing . . . by joining himself to what he knew," Furber opposes a fanatical principle of separation, the mind and moral imagination holding off experience through unceasing judgment, with a desperate inverted Prometheanism. Furber's childhood had been a supreme preparation for an eventual life of violent, arid internality:

> "They denied him every book they had not carefully examined themselves, just as they forbade him the Hazen's fence and later the stone quarry and the bluffs beyond town, and finally all farmyards because of the geese and railroad stations because of the engines, then funerals, cemeteries, zoos and circuses, cellars, closets, attics, deep woods and vacant houses, athletic contests, fires, rallies and revival meetings – indeed any form of public excitement – and they tried to shelter him from the noise and violence of storms, too, as well as from every other remarkable exertion of nature."

The "fierce puritan intensity" came to mask an atrocious consuming rage for the forbidden. He dreams, hungers, holds his dream and hunger static, arrested, without issue:

> "In the theater of his head, in the privacy of Philly Furber's Fancy Foto-Cabinet – what thrilling horrors were enacted, what lascivious scenes encranked. Come to the skull show, honey. Gets no babies out of it, just fun . . . fun thin as tish-ee paper and all rumply crumply."

Thought is desire, palpable and ready to jump:

> "Mrs. Tightsqueeze was eyeing him. What if my thoughts spilled out, madame, what would you do? Ah, what if yours did? Her dress held her fiercely braced. A regular full-bodied tumbletit, aren't you? fat of love. Oops . . . ah . . . caught. Is that mustard on the tablecloth? No, ma'am, I spilled some thinking."

Furber is tormented but, more subtly, really sustained by moral imperatives and their counter-agencies; to have knowledge of evil is, for him, to have life – and he dreads Omensetter because the latter's existence is pitched apart from moral considerations, in pure physicality. The power which

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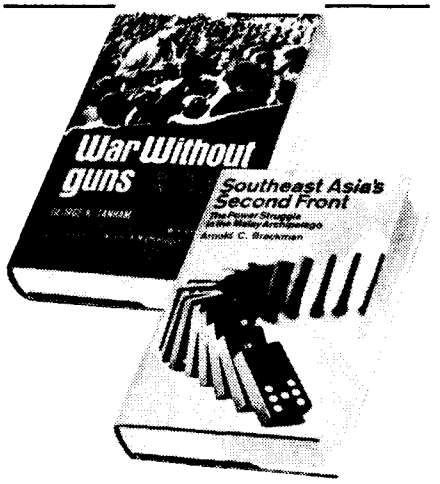

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Furber has over the townspeople, and which Omensetter passively threatens, derives from his being an incarnation of judgment, the dark warden who stands over every possibility of unconscious, unintimidated, above all unnecessary and therefore free movement.

In his mortal struggle with Omensetter he craves for the townspeople to "give up their hope of living like an animal and return to an honest, conscious, human life," the life which Omensetter menaces with his presence. Furber has reasons; Omensetter has being, but this can only be from the "dark way" since its actions negate the only basis on which being can rest for Furber. "We know that men are evil, don't we? Don't we?" Furber pleads. "Yet Omensetter doesn't seem to be. He does not seem. Seem. Is this correct, this – seem?"

The enigma lies in Omensetter's refusal of words, his refusal, really, of self-definition, which enables his presence to suggest the non-necessity of any definition for men's lives. And what Furber comes to see, in terror, is the manner in which his own life has been imprisoned in definitions, in words, as surrogates for experience: "Yes, words were superior; they maintained a superior control; they touched without your touching; they were at once the bait, the hook, the line, the pole and the water in between." Words, the inhabitants of the metaphysical realm between being and non-being, were the instruments you could use to have both the illusion of life and none of its consequences:

> "The ladies egged him on; in Eve's name, they dared him; so he made love with discreet verbs and light nouns, delicate conjunctions. They begged; they defied him to define . . . define everything. They could not be scandalized – impossible they said. Indecent proposals such as in, on, up, merely made them smile."

But while Furber is a "character" who on one level embodies this double thrust of language towards actuality and non-being, and Omensetter is one who incarnates being beneath language and thought, Gass's book is not *about* their relationship, except insofar – as we shall see – as it falls back into convention. On one level a newly apprehended vision of the largest perennial antinomies: being and seeming, body and spirit, the self and otherness, man and God ("For whatever Omensetter does he does without desire in the ordinary sense . . . with a kind of stony mindlessness that always makes me think of Eden . . . Omensetter seems beyond the reach of God.") the novel becomes an arena for the encounter of language and idea. The work is neither allegory nor dramatic poem nor even single metaphor, no matter how complex; it is a new structure whose elements (but not whose themes) are the relationship of language to action, thought to language, truth to its data and being to non-being, and whose description is therefore that of the way existence might be if we could grasp such relations truly.

The novel *is* Gass's prose, his style, which is not committed to something beyond itself, not an instrument of an idea. In language of amazing range and resiliency, full of the most exact wit, learning and contemporary emblems, yet also full of lyric urgency and sensuous body, making the most extraordinary juxtapositions, inventing, coining, relaxing at the right moments and charging again when they are over, never settling for the rounded achievement or the finished product, he fashions his tale of the mind, which is the tale of his writing a novel.

To choose what to quote is an alarming task, but here are two passages which, I think, display Gass's intentions, and the great virtuosity he brings to bear in order to realize them.

While he conducts church services, Furber's mind is invaded by the memory of Omensetter's wife, whom he had spied on as she sunned herself on a rock:

> "Her navel was inside out – sweet sport where Zeus had tied her. She was so white and glistening, so . . . pale, though darker about the eyes, the nipples dark. Open us to evil. He made a slit in his lids. Burn our hearts. Shawls of sunlight spilled over the backs of the pews. Nayked-nessss. The droplets gathered at the point of her elbow and hung there, the sac swelling until it fell and spattered on her foot. Nay . . .

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nay. To enclose her like the water of the creek had closed her. Nay . . . proper body for a lover. Joy to be a stone. Please, the peep-watch is over. Please hurry now. Hurry. Get out of my church."

He invokes the spirit of a predecessor, a minister martyred by Indians a hundred years before, and all spirits, gods and dominations:

"You lived with Indians – very well – but I've fallen among people. Is there no one who will pity me? Speak and say, oh great recumbency of sky, vast chest and hollow water bottle, would you spit upon your image, eh? Ho, Barlar? Grunn? Petvich? Hooloo? Kishish? Quarckaling? Sull Yully? Nannarbantandan? Tuk? Too rooky, won't reply, all tweetered up with ravens, swifts and fowling hawks. Anyway let's have an answer . . . some bird of omen . . . no ghost . . . shreeeeeeee. . . ."

He can also write, on scattered occasions, badly, with a lapse into other people's acquisitions, into the appearance of literature:

"Men, in my experience, are the worst disease."

"The leaves were learning of the cold."

Yet these failures are isolated and minor and in no way shake the edifice of his achievement. What does shake it, however, is its partial organization along narrative lines, its compulsion to tell a "story" while its whole internal action struggles against the reductions and untruthfulness of story-telling, while its verbal action is struggling to *be* the story. For narrative, which Bernard Shaw long ago called "the curse of all serious literature" and which every major novelist since Flaubert has either abandoned or used ironically, is precisely that element of fiction which coerces it and degrades it into being a mere alternative to life, *like* life, only better of course, a dream (or a serviceable nightmare), a way out, a recompense, a blueprint, a lesson. To impel Furber and Omensetter along destinies as "characters," to make them function within a plot, a lifelike series of events, as Gass reluctantly and, one feels, with only half a mind does, is to return them from their aesthetic existence as pretexts, arenas for inquiry and containers for verbal and imaginative action, to the status of representatives, local, circumscribed, exemplary and therefore usable as art refuses to be. As Gass's events unfold – the finding of Pimber's body, Furber's campaign against Omensetter, the latter's loss of power under Furber's charges that his "unconsciousness" is murderous and his "luck" is at the expense of others – one feels the structure of the book straining for verisimilitude, for acts that will justify the qualities of being that have been exhibited. As the narrative moves to its climax the book partly takes on the reductive nature of a cautionary tale, an allegory of truth and error; there are moments when it feels like "The Oxbow Incident," a story about men's prejudices and injustice; and others when it resembles a genre of philosophical fiction in which characters are embodiments of opposing faculties: Furber as sterile destructive mind, Omensetter as fecund but naïve, and therefore equally unreliable body.

Yet though the book is self-divided and suffers from a certain opacity and unclarity that are direct results of the intrusion of plot, the writing survives the tow of the past, even though it is prevented by it from reaching the fullest open water. Again and again Gass brings to birth unknown realities, truths about truth, questions out of what had been acceptances. Near the end of the novel Furber is confessing the sources of his hatred for Omensetter. "Listen, Furber said, when I was a little boy and learning letters – A . . . B . . . C . . ., love was never taught to me, I couldn't spell it, the O was always missing, or the V, so I wrote love like live, or lure,or late, or law, or liar."

This sentence, which both contributes to a whole and has its own irreducible and complex wholeness, traces the action of the entire book. What Gass has written is a work of the imagination and the mind whose study is the mind and imagination themselves, as they grant us the instruments of knowing which are at the same time the sources of all our inability to know.

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Bourgeois Gentleman

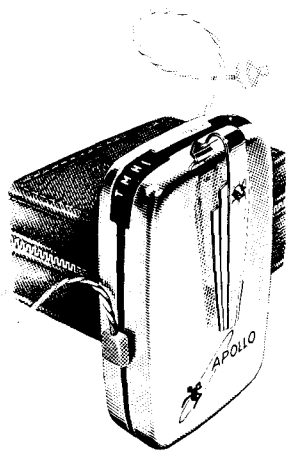
by J. F. Golay

This study of Herbert Henry Asquith, British Prime Minister from 1908 to 1916, by Roy Jenkins, former Minister of Aviation and now Home Secretary in the Wilson Labour government, has many rewards. It is, above all, a distinguished, lucid piece of historical writing. Mr. Jenkins resolutely refrains from traveling down byways, although he might well have fallen to this temptation, since history carries him from Gladstone's fourth government of 1892 (in which Asquith first attained cabinet rank as Home Secretary) to the general election of 1924 when Asquith finally lost his parliamentary seat. During this period, Asquith was necessarily involved, first as Minister and later as Prime Minister and Liberal Party leader in all of the big issues of the day: home rule for Ireland, the dilemmas of the Liberals during and after the Boer War, the Tory campaign for a revival of protectionism and imperial preference, the struggle of the Liberals after 1906 to carry fiscal, educational, and social reforms against the opposition of the House of Lords followed by the constitutional crisis of 1910-11, Ulster's revolt against the plan for an Irish parliament, the rising militancy of the trade union and suffragette movements, and, finally, the onset of World War I, and the disagreement over Britain's part in it which led in 1916 to Asquith's replacement as Prime Minister by Lloyd George.

Asquith – Portrait of a Man and an Era
by Roy Jenkins
(Chilmark; $7.95)

With concise strokes, Mr. Jenkins tells us all we need know of the background of these events and then shifts his attention to an engrossing, day-by-day account of the role played in them by Asquith and his chief associates.

Mr. Jenkins' claim to have portrayed an era as well as a man is a fair one. He is informative on the social milieu in which Asquith moved; on his intellectual and recreational interests; on the personal, professional, and political associations which had the most abiding effect on Asquith's life. In fact, Mr. Jenkins' vignettes of Asquith's friends and adversaries are often of greater interest than the subject of the biography himself. We read of Gladstone, an "old man in a hurry" to carry home rule for Ireland, railing at his cabinet colleagues like a demented Lear; of Rosebery and Harcourt squandering the last of the Liberal Party's credit in futile private and public quarrels; of Chamberlain driving the Balfour government to the wall in an effort to force imperial preference upon it; of Churchill and Lloyd George joyfully vying with each other to "fill the cup" of the House of Lords with unacceptable reform legislation; of Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson, abetted by the malignant Northcliffe, organizing successive campaigns to unseat Asquith over the third Home Rule



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Bill, and, later, the conduct of the war.

Sudents of political affairs are likely to find of greatest interest the light Mr. Jenkins' study throws on the process by which a man distinctly *not* "born to rule" attained and held for eight years the highest office of state in a country still dominated by a monarchical and aristocratic social structure. Mr. Asquith's tenure of the premiership was so long (longer than that of any Prime Minister in the 19th Century after Lord Liverpool), his authority became so great, and his associations with the grandest of the Tory and Whig nobility were so numerous that one tends to forget that he was no more born into the "ruling class" than was Mr. Harold Wilson. Asquith was the second son of a minor and not very successful employer in the Yorkshire woolen trade. Although Asquith eventually managed to earn a quite respectable income at the bar (£5,000 a year toward the end of his practice), he was not in any sense a wealthy man and was often beset by financial difficulties, owing to the expense of raising a large family of sons and to the extravagant style of his second wife. Indeed, the principal reason why Asquith did not seek the Liberal Party leadership as early as 1899 seems to have been that he felt he could not afford the entailed loss of income. After leaving Downing Street in 1916, Asquith continued to feel the press for money, only partly relieved by earnings from his and, especially, his wife's writings.

In a passage remarkable for what it reveals of the character of Edward VII, Mr. Jenkins records that the relations between the King and Asquith, although not strained, were never close, because the King did not feel quite at ease in the company of a Prime Minister without noble lineage. "Asquith's polished intellectual equipment," Mr. Jenkins writes, "did not strike him [the King] as in any way a comparable attribute. Paradoxically, therefore, the man who is today often thought of as the 'last of the Romans,' the final example of the classical tradition in British statesmanship, was regarded by his sovereign as something of a political *parvenu*."

If not birth or wealth, what combination of qualities and opportunities *did* carry Asquith to the chief place in government?

Asquith's success, Mr. Jenkins feels, resulted mainly from abilities which were not only transcendently superior to those of nearly all of his contemporaries in the House of Commons, but, more important, were recognized by them to be so. Asquith was the epitome of the Balliol man of Jowett's day; a first in "Greats," twice runner-up for the Ireland classics prize, president of the Oxford Union, and winner of a Balliol prize fellowship. From the outset, Mr. Jenkins tells us, Asquith "had the ear" of the House of Commons, which he addressed even in his earliest speeches with the authority and aplomb of a front-bencher. It must be said in passing that the high quality attributed to Asquith's mind does not quite come through in Mr. Jenkins' book. We are repeatedly told of As-

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quith's eloquent and forceful argumentation and of the rapidity and skill with which he transacted departmental business; yet, with the exception of a short memorandum to George V on the constitutional powers of the monarchy, such extracts from Asquith's speeches and writings as Mr. Jenkins reproduces do not themselves convey the impression of a creative or even a very interesting mind. The prevailing mood of Asquith's letters and diary entries seems to be one of rather weary detachment, relieved by occasional flashes of fun at the expense of his ministerial colleagues. Since, unlike Balfour, Lloyd George and Churchill, Asquith is not associated with any of the great pieces of seminal social legislation adopted after 1900, it is puzzling to determine precisely what about Asquith so impressed his contemporaries, apart, of course, from his remarkable steadiness as a leader in the several crises which plagued his government between 1910 and 1916. But impressed they were: two Prime Ministers – Gladstone and Rosebery – and the Master of Balliol had already singled out Asquith for the premiership more than ten years before he received the commission to form a government.

However able a man Asquith may have been, it seems unlikely that he would have made his way to the top, unless, like that other great "outsider" of the 19th Century, Disraeli, he had not had opportunities thrust upon him by the breakup of a great political party and the failure of the establishment to afford alternative leadership. Just as Sir Robert Peel had brought down the Tory party on the issue of repeal of the Corn Laws in the 1840's, Gladstone, by forcing the pace on home rule for Ireland after 1886, destroyed the unity of the Liberal Party and left it divided and defenseless against mounting Unionist majorities. Gladstone's nominal successors to the Liberal leadership – Rosebery (in the Lords) and Sir William Harcourt (in the Commons) proved unable to compose their personal differences, let alone agree upon a program which could rally their demoralized followers. After a brief tenure by the elderly and ailing Campbell-Bonnerman, the party leadership passed to Asquith, as it had to Disraeli, almost by default.

THEATRE

Journey and Arrival of a Playwright

The Journey of the Fifth Horse is quite a fascinating journey indeed, and it brings close to destination a very promising talent in a theatre marked by few interesting arrivals. Sometimes tedious, sometimes clumsy, sometimes distracted, the play has nevertheless been written by a man with substantial literary gifts and a fine instinct for the stage, and I'm astonished that this has not been more noted and acclaimed. Ronald Ribman, the author, is actually something of an original among our dramatists – one who seems to work neither out of his own personal life nor out of the American experience. *Harry, Noon and Night* – Ribman's first dramatic effort, produced some years ago at the American Place Theatre – is set in modern Berlin and might have been written by a decadent German dramatist of the Weimar period, while *The Journey of the Fifth Horse* is a convincing recreation of late 19th-Century Petersburg. Both plays are highly idiosyncratic. And though his first play – a confused concoction about an expatriate American being tracked down by his brother, and a hysterical humpbacked German queer plagued by faulty plumbing in a squalid Berlin flat – was far from satisfying, it showed the same unusual handling of scene and the same refreshing freedom from platitude.

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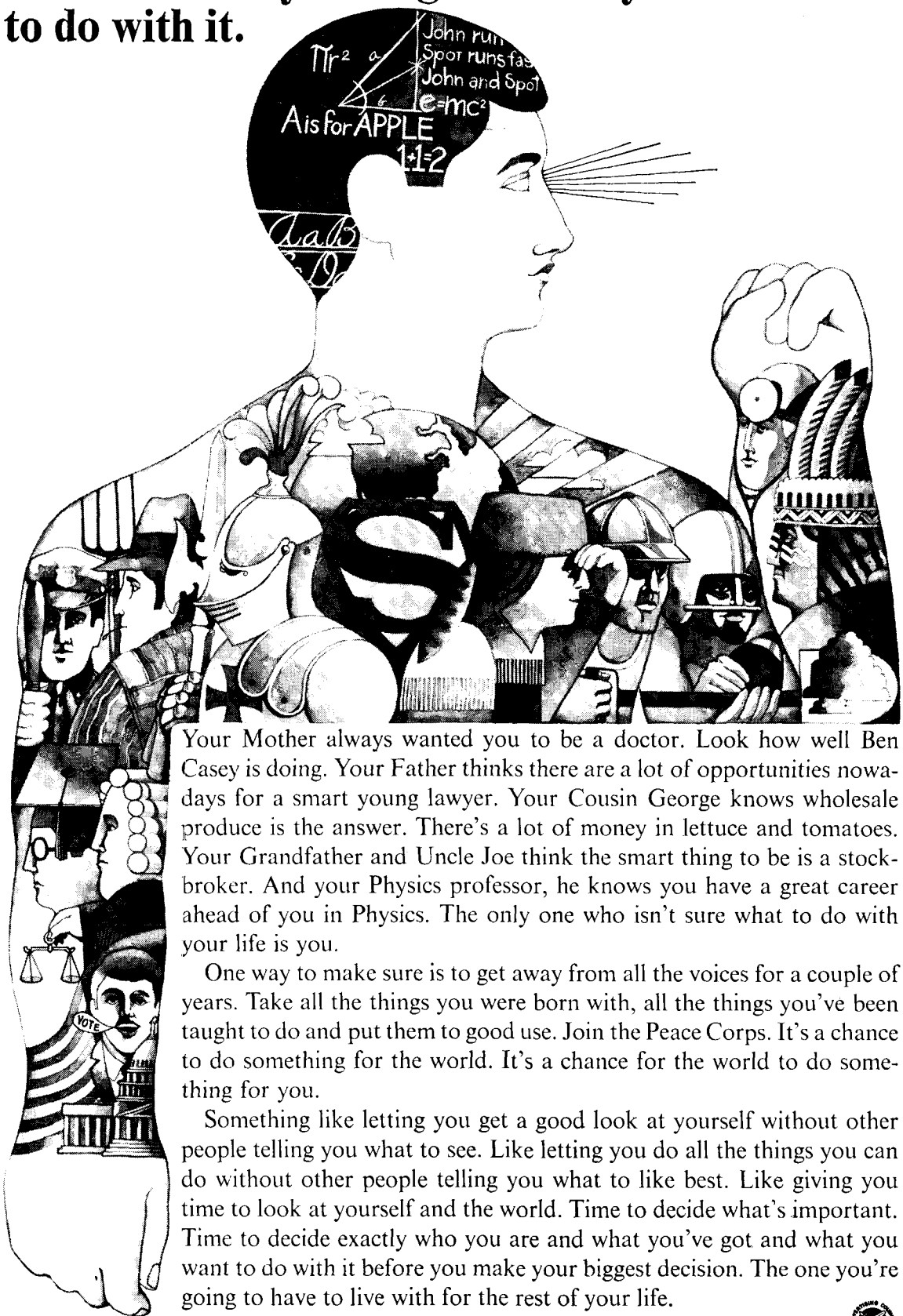

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trol and a better sense of purpose. Ostensibly an adaptation of Turgenev's short story, *The Diary of a Superfluous Man*, the play is an unmistakably new work which nevertheless preserves the core of the story intact. What results is something both modern and traditional, both grotesque and lyrical, a combination the author achieves through a highly ingenious structure. For Ribman has absorbed the Turgenev plot into a plot of his own contrivance so that Chulkaturin, Turgenev's superfluous man, is contrasted with Zoditch, an invented character, and Chulkaturin's story becomes a play-within-a-play subject to Zoditch's mordant commentary.

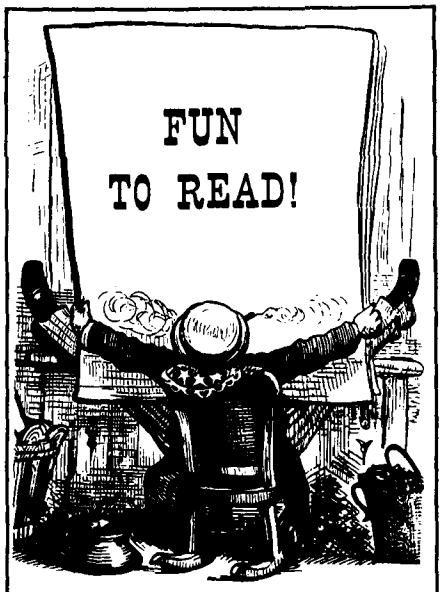
The Journey of the Fifth Horse opens in a publishing house where Zoditch works as first reader. Two former servants of an aristocrat recently dead of tuberculosis are trying to peddle his private diary to the firm, and Zoditch – a smug, narrow Philistine with the soul of a civil servant – is ordered to read it. As Zoditch angrily turns the pages in his room, meanwhile indulging himself in mean fantasies of sex and power, Chulkaturin's story comes alive to the accompaniment of Zoditch's contemptuous snorts and barks. It is soon quite clear that no two men could be more unlike. Chulkaturin is noble, sensitive, shy, melancholy, full of self-doubt; Zoditch is crass, petty, envious, shallow, full of self-praise. Chulkaturin is awkward with women, generous with friends; Zoditch is confident with women, ruthless with friends. Chulkaturin feels as unnecessary as a fifth horse "fastened uselessly to the coach of life"; Zoditch has no doubts at all about the importance of his own existence.

Yet, despite the contrasts in their station, temperament, and quality – despite their differing approaches to life and love – Chulkaturin and Zoditch are shown to be brothers, as Ribman weaves the two patterns into one human fabric. People from Zoditch's life – his employer's daughter, his rival in the firm, his handsome fellow employee – become characters in Chulkaturin's story – a young girl from the gentry, the friend of her family, the glittering cavalry officer who impregnates her. And when Chulkaturin loses the girl he loves to the family friend (played by the same actor who steals away the daughter of Zoditch's employer) and Zoditch fails in his efforts to make a wealthy match with his landlady, both men are left loveless and forlorn. The stories merge – Chulkaturin beckons to Zoditch while Zoditch screams impotently back ("Liar! I am loved. *That* is the ending") – and the play concludes, as it began, with some words about a monkey beckoning to a passing man from its cage.

Ribman has created the meanness and the poignance with something approaching dramatic poetry, and his dialogue is full of lyric grace and bitter gall. There are, besides, moments in this play which could not have been written by any other American dramatist – a character struggling with a suit that hates him because he stole it from his master, two men engaging in a tug of war over a tea tray, a peasant freezing to death on the stairs and being attacked by his landlady's dogs, a country squire desperately trying to determine the sex of his daughter's bullfinch by blowing up its tail feathers – these proceed from an imagination that is fertile and alive. Zoditch's fantasies, furthermore, have an eerie nightmare quality that is often chilling, and the alternation of reality and dream is very deftly handled.

As for the production, Larry Arrick has conceived it intelligently, with the aid of an extremely flexible setting by Kert Lundell, but while Arrick is obviously a good actor's coach, he has not coaxed consistent performances from his cast. Some of the Russian scenes have a slightly Yiddish flavor, others are colloquially American, and the mixture of styles is occasionally disconcerting. Although many of the actors are weak, Michael Tolan deserves commendation as Chulkaturin, for he seems to have largely freed himself from a habitual dependence on a resonant voice to tap considerable reserves of power. Bearded, tormented, tentative and awkward, he sometimes reminds one of Scofield in his emotional attack, and he effectively captures the despondent nobility of the role.

But the performance of the evening is given by Dustin Hoffman as Zoditch. Having seen Hoffman now in both of Ribman's plays (he played the homo-



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sexual in *Harry, Noon and Night*, scampering around the stage in a wrapper like a neurotic roadrunner), I can testify to his powers of transformation and invention. He fits Ribman's eccentric vision as closely as Brando did Williams' in *Streetcar Named Desire*. Rigid, closecropped, twitchy, wearing a brush moustache and rimless glasses, he catches the very essence of Zoditch's miserable self-importance, and he has found sounds and gestures – perpetually washing his hands in a basin, cackling and hopping like Hitler after the fall of Paris, viciously snapping the four locks on his room door, pushing his contempt for Chulkaturin through his nasal passages – that are perfectly adapted to the part. Hoffman at present has crude edges, but I wouldn't be surprised if he soon develops into an actor of the first rank, and even now his understanding of the relationship between character and makeup, gesture, and silhouette is hardly matched in our theatre.

So we have an actor and we have a playwright, both on the verge of something important. *The Journey of the Fifth Horse* stops a little short of complete gratification because the author has not perfectly satisfied the expectations aroused by his ambitious form. But the promise is there, and I have more confidence than I've felt in years that this promise is finally going to be fulfilled. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Acid

Sirs:

Your note, "The Kick" (April 16) was as ill-aimed and impetuous as its title implies. That LSD may not be addicting and, therefore, should be free from control is not the point of the present controversy. . . . As a physician treating both private and county psychiatric patients, I have observed countless cases of disabling psychosis precipitated by the ingestion of lysergic acid. A single dose of the drug may, in an unstable or pre-psychotic personality, trigger mechanisms violent enough to produce psychosis and, concomittantly, attempts at suicide or homicide. . . .

An estimated total of one percent of LSD-users experience serious adverse reactions. Therefore, bland assurances of a "pleasant trip" and a mind-expanding experience are misleading and dangerous. Certainly if LSD produced physical side effects that may be permanent, such as liver damage or cataracts, in 1 percent of users careful controls would be advised without hesitation. *Bruce R. Baker, MD*
San Francisco, Calif.

Your generally excellent record for pertinence and accuracy has been marred by a flip comment in your article, "The Kick," regarding the dangers of the use of LSD. . . . The medical literature contains a number of scientific reports that indicate clearly the dangers of LSD. These include the production of prolonged psychosis, the acting out of sociopathic character disorders and overt manifestations of previously latent psychosis. In the last ten months of 1965, a total of 65 persons were admitted to the psychiatric division of Bellevue Hospital in New York City with acute psychoses induced by LSD. Though most of these patients became oriented and "normal" in less than a week, in ten percent of the cases psychotic manifestations persisted for a prolonged period of time.

To say that there is hardly any clinical evidence of permanent harm from LSD is to beg the question. The fact is that there is not enough experience upon which to make such a judgment.

Furthermore, to say, as your article does, that "in most cases the effects seem no more unpleasant . . ." is to make a noncontributory and misleading comment. One would want to know how many cases are in the denominator and how many in the numerator of the ratio upon which this comment is based. Even if it were true that in most cases the effects were not serious, this

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Gilman *is drama critic of* Newsweek. Barbara Howes' *newest book is an anthology,* From the Green Antilles. J. F. Golay *is Provost of West Virginia University.*

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might readily be overweighed by the severity of the complications in those persons who exhibit them.

To be sure, the final statements in this article is unassailable, namely that "Attacking society's minor symptoms, *without* recognizing society's major disease which causes them, is a fruitless pursuit." It is regrettable that, in leading up to this comment, bland assurances are offered regarding LSD when scientific knowledge about this, the most highly potent of the hallucinogens, is still incomplete, especially in the face of convincing evidence of its great power to produce temporary, if not permanent, damage. It was for these reasons that the Medical Society of the County of New York recently recommended that, "Even use by trained physicians should continue to be limited to carefully controlled experiments until incontrovertible data are available documenting LSD's efficacy and safety."

Cecil G. Sheps, MD
General Director
Beth Israel Medical Center
New York, N. Y.

. . . We were offered several years ago the drug thalidomide, an excellent tranquilizer which was marketed in Europe after testing revealed hardly any clinical evidence of permanent harm. In most cases it produced relaxation and a comfortable night's sleep. *In some cases* it produced monsters.

There is a growing medical and psychiatric suspicion that in some cases LSD can in its own way produce permanent monsters no less terrible. I followed the case of one young man who developed a frank psychosis shortly after one "kick"; he has shown no improvement after several months of treatment. Such stories are becoming commonplace around hospitals. It appears that some people, having once "expanded" their consciousness, may involuntarily slip out of it altogether – permanently – at any time thereafter.

Do you want clinical evidence? On the basis of the existing data, no physician could ethically administer LSD to human beings, volunteer or no. You associate Dr. Goddard's attempt to stop the use of LSD with Prohibition. Red herring. What is the purpose of the Food & Drug Administration? To be consistent with the posture you adopt in "The Kick," why not call free access to thalidomide a civil liberty?

Bart Saxbe
Harvard Medical School

. . . Whether drug self-administration is a reflection of social disease is irrelevant to the basic issue of whether *any* drugs which are potentially harmful should be readily available. One might compare the drug control question with the arguments over the availability of fire arms. Some believe that machine guns, mortars and other artillery should be publicly available, and one might argue the case on the grounds that it wouldn't be curing the social disease which causes men to want to blow each other's heads off, to restrict the availability of these weapons. Fortunately, some people think it is worth controlling the availability of such weapons. The question is, should any group of informed "experts" in consort with the government regulate the availability of potentially harmful drugs.

Historically, most drugs have been controlled in this way in the United States, presumably for the protection of the lay public. The position your editorial seems to be advocating is a discontinuation of medical-government regulation of potentially dangerous drugs. If you are not advocating such a general cessation of drug control, then the question arises as to who shall decide which drugs shall and shall not be made publicly available. While we may not always agree with the decisions of the medical profession in this respect, it seems that the judgment of such a group of relatively objective experts is a more rational way of going about

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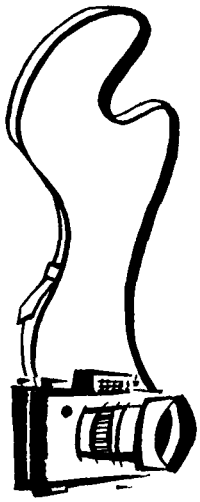

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the decision-making process, than accepting the protestations of persons having entrenched religious convictions regarding drug self-administration. . . .

There is an enormous body of information regarding the basic physiological effects of LSD which reveal that it is an extremely potent and potentially dangerous drug. If it is administered to the wrong people in the wrong dosage at the wrong time, the results *can* be permanenly damaging (*e.g.*, psychosis, brain damage, death). It has profound vascular, cardiac and extensive neurological effects. These, in combination with the individual personality, can yield highly unpredictable and dangerous behavioral changes. By anyone's definition, hallucinations, delusion, profound emotional liability, and changes in ability to execute usual responses necessary for interacting with one environment, are indications of abnormality. These effects are *not* consistent with your suggestion that an LSD weekend is like a good old-fashioned collegiate booze weekend. Certainly, if *any* drugs are to be administered under medical supervision, LSD should.

Travis Thompson, Ph.D.
Department of Psychiatry and Neurology
Department of Pharmacology
University of Minnesota

While it is true that "there is hardly any clinical evidence of permanent harm from LSD," there is hardly any clinical evidence of any sort regarding the effects of LSD. From the available anecdotal and clinical evidence, however, it is clear that LSD can push those who are emotionally unstable into near-psychotic states. Recovery from such states is often slow, if it occurs at all.

It is non-addictive yes, but the nervous system quickly habituates to LSD; stronger and stronger doses are required to achieve the reported effects. Further, LSD's chemical effect on the nervous system seems to be one of discharging large groups of cells in concert.

You mention that its prohibition might constitute an infringement of civil liberties. The FDA prohibits many drugs which have potentially harmful side effects (often less severe than those from LSD) in the interests of safeguarding the public. Prohibition of LSD is required for the same reason and only this reason. Effective prohibition, another issue you raised, is of course the most serious problem. Prohibition should not be dismissed because of its difficulty; rather, a solution should be found.

Virginia Valian
Psychology Department
Northeastern University
Boston, Mass.

Slumsmanship

Sirs:

Critics of my recent article on Baltimore are justified on two points. In referring to the only legitimate theatre built outside of New York in 30 years, I spoke in jargon and from a parochial point of view. I used "legitimate" not in its dictionary sense of lawful, but in the show-business sense of designed for the presentation of dramatic works in the traditional style; and it is parochial to assume that outside of New York implies inside this country. I am informed, and do not doubt, that such a theatre has been built recently in Sydney, Australia.

But I do not understand why I am criticized for not writing about slum clearance when my subject was urban renewal. There has indeed been an immense slum clearance program in Baltimore under the direction of the able and energetic Richard Steiner, but it did not originally include the Charles Center project, which was launched by a group of businessmen and was incorporated in Mr. Steiner's organization primarily to meet legal technicalities. It is true, however, that his benevolent interest has been of great assistance to the project.

However, if a report on slum clearance must be included in every article on urban renewal, it is easily supplied. Slum clearance in Baltimore has, to date, produced the three-fold effect it has produced in other cities: (1) it has improved appreciably the standard of living of a considerable number of people; (2) it has moved a considerable number of people from hither to yon without noticeably affecting their standard of living; and (3) it has taken a considerable number of people out

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of pig-sties unfit for human habitation and put them in decent housing which they have converted into pig-sties unfit for human habitation.

Slum clearance in Baltimore has been denounced with about equal vehemence by Ku Kluxers and CORE, which again seems to be the normal course of events. *Gerald W. Johnson*
Baltimore, Md.

Sacco-Vanzetti

Sirs:

I wish that in discussing the ballistics evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case (April 2) Alexander M. Bickel had commented specifically on the test that has been for recent writers the conclusive evidence of Sacco's guilt. This is the Goddard test in 1927, in which the supposed fatal bullet and a test bullet fired from Sacco's gun were examined through a comparison microscope, and the striations on the two bullets were found to fit into each other as if the two bullets were one – conclusive evidence that the fatal bullet also had been fired from Sacco's gun. This test was conducted in the presence of witnesses and the defense ballistics expert, Gill; and Goddard's published statement of his finding was not challenged by Gill or the defense lawyer, Thompson. It was this test that counted for most in persuading another lawyer, James Grossman, of Sacco's probable guilt, in his article in *Commentary* of January 1962; and I would be grateful for Mr. Bickel's evaluation of it.

B. H. Haggin
New York, N.Y

In reply . . .

The conclusive evidence to which Mr. Haggin refers depends, I tried to point out, on human judgment. These experts make mistakes. Goddard made one in another case. And during the period between the conviction and the execution, Goddard's conclusion was offset, as I indicated, by the finding of another expert (Hamilton) who made a test for the defense. I cannot be absolutely certain that Sacco was innocent. I say only that aside from the ballistics tests, there is no evidence of guilt that is even persuasive, and that the ballistics tests – all of them, on both sides – are not conclusive. *Alexander M. Bickel*

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